TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The *Mail* is to be complimented on its powerful article of last Tuesday, condemning the Dominion Government for failing to disallow Premier Mercier's bill allowing $400,000 to the Jesuits. No Canadian of extended views, no matter whether he be Catholic or Protestant, can condone this outrageous donation to a society which is subversive of the chief principles of government. They have been expelled by the most Catholic governments from the most Catholic countries of Europe because they are always enemies of all power which they do not control. Why should young Canada be made the city of refuge for these religio-political plotters? It is not a question of religion—for Popes have more vigorously condemned the Jesuits than laymen ever have—it is a question of peace. Our Protestant societies should examine themselves to see if some of the "ojum" of a conspiracy of silence does not attach itself to them.

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The *Globe* is clamoring for a government with a policy. We have one; we also have an Opposition with a policy—such as it is. What we want is a party with a principle. If we have panderers in power it is no reason why we should also have them in Opposition.

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A correspondent of the *Empire* takes me to task for what I said about Canon Knox-Little. I endeavored to state my views as kindly and respectfully as my rough-and-ready style will permit, and, as to the reasoning, I am willing to argue the point with the gentleman who feels hurt, stipulating only that he confines himself to as little space as I used. If I am not to state opinions in this weekly chat with my readers I would be without anything to say, and by-the-way I don't see why I shouldn't have the liberty of making remarks: that is what I am here for and in my clumsy way I am, perhaps, trying as hard to do right as even the Canon or Rev. Mr. Langtry, and with due respect to them and their sacred calling I can prove as direct a line of apostolic succession as they can, and that is none at all.

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Mr. Elias Rogers the coal merchant, he with the intense and kindly face, told me yesterday that the mild winter had decreased the consumption of coal in Toronto this winter, presuming that the balance of it is not more severe than the average, by 50,000 tons, or nearly $2 *per capita*. A saving of ten dollars a family means much when there is such great destitution as there is this winter, and it would seem that truly Providence has tempered the wind to the shorn lamb.

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The absence of flummery at the opening of the Ontario Legislature showed, in a marked degree, the progress of good sense in this province, and it is to be regretted that in Ottawa the petty pageantry of pomp and power, consisting of a company of militia, fifteen or twenty pounds of powder, Windsor uniforms, and Black Rod contortions, was not omitted. It is not surprising that Lord Stanley should adhere to the customs of the Imperial Parliament, but he has already shown such an aptitude for getting in touch with Canadian sentiment, that had he lopped off some of the nonsense it would have been accepted as another evidence of his excellent sense, and endeared him to that great section of the Canadian people who believe that nothing which makes our constitution and form of government seem absurd, even for the brief space of a show-day, should be retained.

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There is a considerable growth in Canada of the Imperial Federation idea, but unfortunately it is amongst the classes rather than the masses. This is a democratic country in the best sense of the word and the masses are not clamorous for vice-regal spectacles and gaudy pageants. Their affection for the Mother Land and the British constitution is intensified by the belief that we have the most democratic form of government now in existence, and if any fear of Imperial Federation troubles them it is that the change might establish a permanent aristocracy in addition to the sinecures for which they already pay, and increase the tendency to ape in this western world the fashions and absurdities of a court.

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I see for the first time a complaint in the *Globe* that Rideau Hall is costing more than it should; that the expenditure for furniture in sixteen years amounted to over $85,000, while now there is not ten thousand dollars worth of furniture in the Hall. The alterations, repairs and maintenance in the Hall from 1867 to 1883 cost $394,500, and it is still an old rookery, less respectable even than our own Parliament buildings. In the sixteen years referred to the expenditure upon and around the Governor-General's residence amounted to a million and a quarter dollars, which is certainly a large sum. I remember when in Ottawa inducing a member of Parliament to ask for the return upon which the *Globe* bases its facts. The inquiry was made with as much privacy as possible, and the return was never printed, because those asking for it were ashamed to be identified with any movement which looked like cheese-paring or a criticism of their "betters." This sort of sentiment is absurd. Where expenditures run into hundreds of thousands of dollars—indeed the sum must be now nearing two millions—nothing but social cowardice can account for members of parliament witnessing, under their very noses, the most glaring impositions on the part of tradesmen and those supplying Rideau Hall, and yet remaining silent, lest some fellow member, or the reporter of a newspaper, might call him a "granger," and suggest that he wanted to count the spoons in the vice-regal pantry. It is just as proper a matter for enquiry and comment as any other item appearing in the public accounts, and while these indefinite allowances continue, these enquiries should be made. It would be much preferable, however, if we are to maintain a residence and provide fixtures and fancy work for our Governor-General, that a certain sum be voted, and then the occupant of Rideau Hall could buy wall paper and wash-basins as he saw fit, without being subject to plebeian criticism. We pay within twelve hundred dollars as much salary per annum to our Governor-General as is paid to the President of the United States. It is absurd to contend that five millions of people can afford to pay as large a salary to the chief executive as sixty millions can. While this makes but a small *per capita* tax, the fact that the first official in the country is paid at a *per capita* rate twelve times greater than the chief executive of the United States does not look well, is not right in itself and is a bad basis upon which to begin. The social customs of Canada, the supposed necessity that the Governor-General should occupy the position of social figure-head, makes it impossible for him to save money out of his salary, and indeed some of our Governors have been forced to draw largely upon their private incomes to meet the demands caused by their social duties, but that does not make the slightest difference to the taxpayer nor justify she expenditure.

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It is unjust to stigmatize a man as disloyal who criticises expenditures of this sort. A man is the most loyal to his sovereign and is the best citizen who insists that public business shall be conducted with the same economy that characterizes the expenditures of a corporation or private person. I would not be thought guilty of any disrespect to the sensible and highly respected gentleman who is wearing his vice-regal honors in Canada with much less *hauteur* and arrogance than is frequently displayed by the reeve of a township when he strikes his county town. I am contending for a principle and the moment such a contention becomes the butt of idle jests or unreasonable abuse, it but proves the existence of a feeling dangerous to the community and a continual menace to the public treasury.

There is no more beautiful sentiment—nothing which so quickly arouses the never-dying spirit of one born of British parents—than the scheme—call it a dream if you will—of Imperial Federation. I thoroughly believe that the next few years will see it become the ruling idea in all the British colonies. I confess that for many years I thought of it as the dream of speculative politicians and sentimentalists, but the tide of affairs is evidently setting in that direction, and those who study it must find in it the solution, not only of the problems of our future, but of Great Britain's future. There is no reason why we should be frightened by the distances separating the great British colonies. The cable, the rapid ocean steamers, and modern railways, bring Canada, Australia, South Africa, and India almost as near to London, in point of time, as the Highlands of Scotland were less than a century ago. It is not time nor distance which separates people, but old enmities, the opposition of interests and the diversity of race. The colonies are composed of English-speaking, English-thinking and Britain-loving people. Of course there are amongst us those of alien races, but they are so greatly in the minority and their interests here are so identical with those of the British stock, that they need not be considered a factor in so large a community as a federated empire, as when such aliens came amongst us they knew they were settling in a British country. Moreover, if these national differences cannot be sunk in a large community, is there a possibility of them ceasing to excite friction in a much smaller one? or if they are not to be buried at all, then is not our future hopeless? There is an affection for Great Britain and British institutions in all the colonies which is the predominant element in them all and it is the most irresistible impulse, and it must and will be the instinct which will decide our future.

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To make Imperial Federation a possibility as far as Canada is concerned it must be on a democratic basis. Our expenditures, our unwritten laws, our officials must be such as will not offend our western ideas of what is proper, necessary and economical. To rudely summarize it I might say that Canadians would never feel inclined to tattoo themselves in order to affiliate with the aborigines of the South Sea Islands, nor be willing to show their brotherly love by wearing rings in their noses after the style of South Africa, nor to squat on rugs to please the East Indians, nor to wear white satin tights to be in harmony with the Court of St. James. But the scheme simplified means that Canada can be a part of a federated empire in which all these things can be practiced by those who are pleased by them, while we decidedly desire to leave them out and to jog along in our own simple Canadian way, accepting no second place in devotion to the Empire itself.

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Despite the cold weather this seems to be my week for being in hot water. I have received a letter from Minnedosa, Man., which as strongly as words will permit, insists that I have done a very great injustice to a gentleman named McRae, one of the most respected residents of Clan William. In December an item in the despatches of more than one Toronto paper described the attempted suicide of a resident of Clan William, alleging as the cause that his wife subscribed ten dollars towards a church. In the *Telegram* of the same time, a Winnipeg despatch was copied describing the circumstances, giving the name of Mr. McRae and identifying him with the Presbyterian church. I think almost anyone under those circumstances would have regarded the news as authentic, it being corroborated by so many papers. At least I took that view of it, and made some strong comments on the miserly nature of a man who would commit suicide for ten dollars, particularly when the ten dollars had been donated to a church. But my Minnedosa correspondent tells me that the story is entirely untrue as regards Mr. McRae, though a report somewhat similar had been in circulation thereabouts regarding another man whose subscription it is said was in favor of the Methodist church. I accept the statement of my Manitoba correspondent, and sincerely apologize to Mr. McRae for any injury I may have done him. As I can assure him that never before that time had I heard of Clan William or of himself, I hope he will understand that I could not possibly have been actuated by malice. However, as his given name was not mentioned, and as SATURDAY NIGHT can claim no circulation in his neighborhood, I am led to hope that I did him no harm, though if there be more than one Mr. McRae in that neighborhood I presume I should extend my apology to them all and hereby do so.

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The Central Farmers' Institute has been in session and a number of very interesting speeches have been made on the question of agricultural education. The Rev. W. F. Clarke thought the farmers ought to be more progressive and that boys are being driven away from the farm by old-fashioned methods and the drudgery of the work. He believes that farm life ought to be made more attractive and that in these days of labor-saving machinery it should not be as slavish as it formerly was. This is all true; the Rev. Mr. Clarke never stood on more absolutely solid ground than he does when he alleges that farm life is unattractive, its work slavish, and the farmer himself a mere drudge. But when we come to reason together and seek for some way to make farm life more beautiful, the work easier, and the farmer a kid-gloved gentleman, like the lawyer, it becomes as difficult as the feat described in the old-time simile of the camel going through the eye of a needle. In the first place, the farmer is not a capitalist; if he were he would not be a farmer; he would probably run a newspaper, or a brewery, or tackle something easy, where the profits are large and the work simply nominal. The chief objections to the farm—and I speak feelingly, because I was raised on a hard-clay farm, fed on hard bacon, persuaded with hard words and breathed an atmosphere altogether as hard as alkali water—are, that the work is hard, the hours hard, the beds hard, the board hard, the cows are hard to milk and the calves hard to feed, the wood hard to chop, the rails hard to split, and in fact everything is hard—hard as a restaurant egg and of quite as unappetizing a flavor. Though I did not experience any more hardship than the ordinary farm boy, but I must remark that I got away from it just as soon as I could, and I sympathize with every one who has done likewise, or can't. If a man is a farmer and tries to do it on the easy plan he won't get up till eight or nine o'clock, instead of at three or four in the morning. By that time one of the cows would be strangled in her stall, the horses would have kicked one another to death in an anxiety to be fed, the reaper would be idle and he would not get started to rake and bind until pretty near noon, and then if he proposed to quit work early he would have to begin to do chores for the evening, and the grass and the wheat would have to stay where it was. If a man is going to do the "gentleman-farmer" act in this country he would not make sugar, consequently he might be a stranger to sugar for the rest of the year. He would hire some one to chop wood, and the result would be he would not be able to pay him. He would have a flower garden in front of the house, and it would either be full of weeds or his potatoes would not be hilled. If he desired to imitate the luxurious habits of the printer, or the gentleman who works on the corporation drain, he would quit work at six o'clock and the farm would be sold to pay expenses at the end of the second calendar year. If he acquired the epicurean habit of wanting butter and eggs, vegetables and fresh meat at his meals, instead of hard bacon and sour apple sauce, he would have nothing to sell, consequently would be without the wherewithal to purchase. It seems to me that this farmer problem resolves itself into this: If a man has to pound his living out of the cold and silent earth, he must get up early and go to bed just as soon as it is too dark to work. He has little time to read and not much inclination to talk, except about the chances of starving to death next winter. When it does not rain he feels sure it never will and that the crops will certainly perish. If it starts to rain he is equally certain that it will never stop, and that nothing will be saved which cannot be harvested from a scow. Poor man, his whole fortune depends on the weather, and he is not really sure which way it depends. The weather may be just right, and yet he does not know it, and how can he?

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In view of all these facts the boy who has a good common-school education and has had ordinary horse sense pounded into him by a surcingle or a hame-strap flits away to the town just as soon as he feels within him the possibility of earning a living without working twenty-three hours a day and doing chores while he recuperates. While the peasantry of Europe produces men who do not know any other way of getting a living except by working with their horny hands, he feels that he should give them a chance and employ his throbbing brow as a hay-fork speculator, a store keeper or as a lawyer, for instance. What kind of a life is it anyway, getting breakfast by lamplight, spending the time till noon in violent exercise endeavoring to assist your digestive system to assimilate a hunk of pork and half a gallon of weak tea? What are the beauties of nature to the man who cannot rest long enough to put a poultice over the stone bruises on his heel? What matters it to him if

> The robins sing in the orchards,
> And the buds into blossoms grow?

How much does it alleviate his backache to observe that the "swallows nest again" and that the zephyrs whisper through the waving boughs, and that the yellow-eyed mustard look unblinkingly up at the blue dome above? Of course, he has a chance to go to church and, as a rule, to listen to a sermon that, in all his backwardness, he thinks he could improve upon himself. He may go to dinner with a neighbor and discuss all the reputations in the neighborhood, do material damage to them and no improvement to himself, or he may be able to visit his best girl and arrange to marry her; but if she has any spunk, what a beautiful lay-out he has to offer her! They will start life on a farm which consists chiefly of mortgages and Canadian thistles, a poor barn

OH! YOU TICKLE!

and a worse house, a brood mare, a milch cow, a spavined horse, a pig and a lot of store debts. She will have to rise previous to the lark, and make on a fire, while he looks after the wants of the lowing kine. Inside of a year her pretty hands will have a double row of joints in them, and she will have rheumatism and perhaps a baby, and he will have bad crops and all sorts of sour luck. Or, if they are lucky, they will be able to pay the interest on the mortgage and feel that the mortgage itself will never be paid till they are old enough to die. It an ambitious young man is in love with a girl and has no more gorgeous a prospect than this he should come to Toronto and drive a street car or study medicine, or endeavor to get the local church to support him while studying for the ministry, or tackle something with a little bit of future, and who can blame him?

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I desire to call the attention of the gentlemen of the Farmers' Institute to the fact that in looking at the disadvantages of the farm they have not given just prominence to the hardships agriculture has for the "women folks." I believe women have more to do with driving sensitive men off the farm than almost anything else. The bright girl, born under somewhat easier circumstances than those I have described—there are farms where things are not quite so tough as they might be—will counsel her lover to go away and be almost anything but a farmer. Very frequently he takes her advice and she never sees him again. But why should a woman want to milk cows and endeavor to soothe the insatiable appetite of the cookstove by bringing in wood and filling the oven with bread? Why should she want to wear a bonnet selected from the back numbers of a country store? Why should she desire to feed pigs and poultry, and to train the untutored calf to drink whey out of a pail when his instincts tell him he was born for better things? Why, the wife of a humble laborer has more comfort! I don't blame her, poor girl, if she wants to get off the farm. Anyone who will go down to the market and see the wives, old and young, bent with household cares, their beauty ruined by exposure to wind and hard work, can easily appreciate the undesirability of farm-life for women.

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One great thing against a farm is the absence of fun. We hear lots of stories of the jolly times they have in the country, and all that sort of thing. But the fun, I can tell you, is scarce, and it is all mixed up with hard work. True, the farmer is independent, but what good is independence if it is fed on fat pork and nourished with musk and applesauce? The farmer might be an element in politics, but he isn't. He is the man to be taxed and people wonder at him that he is so penurious, and sneer at him because when he comes to town he sometimes brings a lunch in his pocket. He is the hardest worked man, the poorest paid employe there is, and has less chances to make money than any other man I know of. Yet and yet—after writing all this—when the memory of the old days comes back I feel I would like to be on the farm again, and, imagine with the Rev. Mr. Clarke, that I would discover some way of making it a little nicer than it used to be, even if the potato bug and other pests have been invented to make things even harder than they were in the long ago.

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After all there is a certain amount of pleasure in life, no matter where it is spent, and irrespective of the great troubles which fester in the flesh and make us feel that this world is anything but a picnic. Just now the papers are full of the disgraceful death of the Crown Prince of Austria. Prince Rudolph never had to work; it would have been better for him if he had. His whole time was apparently devoted to getting into mischief and then getting out again, but his last experiment resulted in either murder or suicide, it does not matter much which, as he was evidently in the midst of a shameful intrigue where the vengeance of a husband and brother was certainly making life undesirable. Never, I imagine, was *Libera Domine* sung under more distressing circumstances than when the young prince was borne from the little chapel to rest in an inglorious grave. And the woman! Like the hard-worked woman on the farm, she and her woes are forgotten, for was not Rudolph a prince? All we know is that she was young and beautiful; she is dead and has been buried.

DON.

Society.

Fashionable people have been very busy on the last three days of this week. Three nights of classical opera by the American Opera Company have witnessed the Grand graced by that portion of the *beau monde* whose engagements did not demand their presence elsewhere.

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Yesterday afternoon the fashionable world was at Mrs. Sweny's At Home, and opportunity was afforded for a more thorough examination of the finest of our modern houses than is possible at an everyday visit.

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Thursday evening the much talked of charity ball took place at the Pavilion, and proved one of the successes of the season.

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The ball was announced as being under the patronage of the Governor-General and Lady Stanley, the Lieutenant-Governor, the Mayor and Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. John Beverley Robinson, Mrs. Osler, Mrs. Percival Ridout, Mrs. Langmuir, Mrs. Brough, Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy, Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. W. H. Beatty, Mrs. Fred. Denison, Mrs. Oliver Mowat, Mrs. A. M. Cosby, Mrs. Cattenach, Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. W. R. McMurrich, Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. Torrance, Mrs. W. Hamilton Merritt, Mrs. Dickson and Mrs. Otter. The stewards were Messrs. G. Montague White, E. C. Rutherford, S. Heward, A. R. Capreol, W. Creelman, W. W. Vickers, Gamble Geddes, L. McMurray, A. G. Hollyer, F. J. Lightbourne, D. J. McMurchy, Jno. Dudgeon, W. H. Blake, Stuart Morrison, J. P. Hodgins, M. McKenzie, Audrey Hoskins and Hermann Boulton.

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Among the ladies present were Mrs. C. Baines, Mrs. Shepley, Mrs. McFadden, Brampton; Mrs. Heward, Miss Heward, Miss Gunson, Miss Rutherford, Miss Jones, Miss E. Jones, Miss Cowin, Gananoque; Miss Arkell, Miss McCarthy, Miss Macdonald, Mrs. P. Strathy, Miss Scott, Mrs. S. Nordheimer, Miss Mabel Smith, Miss Violet Smith, Mrs. O'Reilly, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Miss Haines, the Misses Lockhart, Miss Laidlaw, Miss Spratt, Miss Sybil Seymour, and Miss M. Cooper, Port Hope. There were also present Col. and Miss Otter, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Hawke, and Dr. and Mrs. McConnell.

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This afternoon the Toronto Riding and Driving Club meet in the Queen's Park for the second time this season, and while some members are intending to return to town in time to see the performance of Verdi's opera, the majority will dine and dance in the country. I fancy that Sunday will find many a gay devotee exhausted, and that a day's rest will be even more than usually welcome.

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Last Saturday the Toronto Riding and Driving Club held the first meet of the second season of their existence. Between four and five o'clock the neighborhood of the Guns, in the Queen's Park, wore that bright and brilliant appearance which was so familiar to it on many a Saturday last year. So large was the meet that few of the members can have been absent. Much of the best of Toronto beauty sparkled midst its furs by the side of many a skilful whip. Horses and sleighs honored the importance of the occasion by looking their very best. Cheerily rang the notes of the new coach-horn which the president has brought out from England for use at the club's meets, and the blower must have felt rewarded for the weeks of practice he has devoted to learning to blow, by the praise which his severe efforts called forth. Town left behind and the region of bumping car tracks passed, the sleighing was perfect, and the drive to Weston seemed all too short. Merry was the picnic dinner in the well-known dining-room, eloquent the speeches and comforting the mulled wine. The dancing floor at Weston was found to be as good as ever; it was late ere its pleasures were exhausted, and then came the search for horses, harness and sleighs, harassing as ever in those vast stables, illuminated only by one or two dim lanterns. But when at last all difficulties had been overcome, when one's sleigh had been brought round to the hotel door, and one's companion found and seated, wrapped in furs, delightful was the drive home through the still, clear night and over the smooth shining snow. Thus most auspiciously for the Driving Club began their season of 1889.

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Wednesday the 13th will be a day much looked forward to and long to be remembered. Although society will sometimes go to public balls and will sometimes enjoy them, it is at a private ball in such a house as Colonel and Mrs. Sweny's that they find their greatest pleasure.

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Miss Minnie Badgerow received her young guests at 5 o'clock tea last Saturday afternoon. The young hostess was dressed in a very becoming red jersey dress with a black steel beaded collar, and looked very pretty. Among the throng were pretty Miss Atkinson from Hamilton, Miss May Francis, Miss Connie Jarvis, Miss Dolly Ord, Miss Hardy, the Misses Maud and Naomi Hedley, Miss Kathleen Jones, Miss Ethel Macdougall, Miss Lightbourne, the Messrs. Cassels, Miss Birdie Macdougall, Mr. Harry Jones, Mr. Lightbourne, Mr. Willie Mulock.

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A very successful young people's sleighing party took place last Tuesday evening, four vans one from east, west, north, south, drove to the Humber. Dancing was kept up till a late hour and it was very lively coming home, it being such a lovely night. Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Chadwick were two of the chaperones.

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Miss Sibyl Seymour of Port Hope is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Vankoughnet of McCaul street. She made her debut at Mrs. Stephen Heward's ball, and it is safe to predict that no fairer debutante has appeared, or is likely to appear this season.

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Mrs. Broughall's At Home last Thursday, in aid of St. Hilda's College, was crowded to suffocation. Provost Body's speech was listened to with great attention. Miss Annie Morson and Mr. Skadding sang very effectively. Judging from the numbers there, who were nearly all staunch church people, St. Hilda's will be very much benefited.

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Miss Kitty Alexander, who has been staying with her sister, Mrs. Ogilvie, left for Montreal to attend the carnival last Monday, prior to her return to her home in Los Angeles.

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Mr. James Plummer of the Bank of Commerce has so far recovered from his illness that he has been able to attend the carnival in Montreal, accompanied by his wife.

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Mrs. Ponnie Beardmore of Grange road has a little skating party at the Victoria Rink this afternoon (Saturday).

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Miss Peri Gillespie of Bloor street is visiting her sister in Winnipeg.

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Mrs. Grassett of Los Angeles, with her sister-in-law, Miss Grassett of London, Ont., are in town.

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Mrs. Augustus Heward of Montreal is expected here this week to stay with her brother, Mr. Edmund Meredith of Rosedale.

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Mrs. Henry McKay of Brockville, who is staying with Mrs. Ruttan on Church street, intends to remain over for the Albani concert, before going home, where her beautiful house is now ready for her. She has been traveling all summer in the Western States, and now Brockville society is eagerly waiting her return after so long an absence.

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Mrs. L. Kerr-Fisken is giving five o'clock tea at her residence, 130 Beverley street, this afternoon.

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A very pleasant evening was spent last Saturday, at the temperance meeting of the medical students' league. Addresses were given by Rev. T. J. McNally, Rev. Dr. Potts, Dean Geikie and Joseph Gibson; the musical programme was rendered by songs from Mrs. Murray Dickson and Mr. W. H. Robertson; violin and piano solos by Dr. A. J. Geikie, Miss Ethel Geikie, Mrs. Heward and others. The secretary, Mr. Hargreaves, announced that the total membership was now 309. I think it would be a good thing to have many such meetings.

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A very enjoyable skating party was chaperoned by Mrs. E. W. Edwards, at Victoria Rink, Thursday evening of last week. The ice was in splendid condition, and all enjoyed themselves immensely. After the skating they all adjourned to the residence of one of the party, where supper was served. Among those present were Mrs. E. W. Edwards, the Misses Boulton, Miss Eudie Hugel, Miss Bessie Jones, Miss A. Heward, Messrs. Herman Boulton, Welles, G. and J. A. Heward, Goldingham, Nelles, Cockburn and Jones.

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Mrs. Fisken also gave a very enjoyable skating party at the Victoria Rink last Monday evening. The ice was in splendid condition, and some very pretty dancing was given by Capt. Geddes and Miss Hugel. What a pity this is not practiced more on the ice, for nearly the first thing that Montrealers do is to learn to dance gracefully on skates. The party enjoyed a two hours' whirl, when they left to take supper at Mrs. Fisken's residence. Among those present were Mrs. Walter Dickson (who by the way looked charming), Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Miss Bessie Jones, the Misses Boulton, Miss Heward, Miss Hugel, Miss McDonald, Miss Seymour, Messrs. Frank Jones, Goldingham, Gamble Geddes, Herman Boulton, Augustus Heward, McDonald, Hollyer, Cronyn, Shanly.

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Professor and Miss Hirshfelder of Rosedale were At Home to some of their friends last Tuesday evening.

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On Tuesday afternoon Trinity College Chapel was brightened by a rather unusual scene for that quiet meeting place of student and professor. At 2.30 o'clock, Mr. Wm Ince, jr., was married to Miss Clara Jones, niece of Rev. Professor Jones of Trinity College, who performed the ceremony assisted by the provost of the college. The wedding was a very simple one, no groomsmen or bridesmaids assisting, and the bride herself, who was given away by her uncle, Mr. Clarkson Jones, being attired in white tulle and moire, and wearing no ornaments but the usual orange blossoms. After the ceremony the party proceeded to the residence of Rev. Professor Jones, Deanside, where they were entertained at an afternoon tea by the aunt of the bride, Mrs. Strachan.

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The wonderfully open winter we have been enjoying has caused many to remain at home instead of taking the usual run to the South. The habit of making the holiday excursion during the winter and of remaining in Canada during the summer, whether it be among the wilds of Muskoka or enjoying the comforts of home and taking the many pleasant daily water trips which are offered from our own city, is largely on the increase. Yet the unexampled sail, via Panama and the placid waters of the Pacific, to San Francisco, the sea-bathing on the shores of Florida, or the quaintness of the islands of the sea, Nassau, Bermuda, Barbadoes, etc., has this winter attracted some of our people. Among those sojourning under summer suns during our winter days are: Mr. W. B. Ord, at Savannah, Ga.; Messrs. W. Barry and A. A. Young, at San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. John Dennis and Master Wm. Dennis, at Cuba; Mr. Robert Moore, at Columbus, Ga.; Capt. R. B. Clarke and wife, at Barbadoes; Col. Joyce, at Bermuda; Hon. John Macdonald and Miss Macdonald, at British Guiana; Mr. Edward Dale, at Deland, Fla.; Messrs. George and Paul Marx, at Jacksonville, Fla.; Mr. and Miss Lavery, the Misses M. and M. Cayley, at Bermuda; Capt. and Mrs. Ord, Mr. L. Ord and Master Ord, at Mayport, Fla.; Mr. C. T. Gibbs, at Nassau, N. P.; Mr. Fred Coyne, at Tampa, Fla., Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor, Miss Florence Taylor, Miss Leila Taylor, Miss Ethel Taylor, Masters Percy and Baby Taylor, at Nassau, N. P.; the Misses Beardmore, and Miss Allen, at Bermuda; Mr. Wm. Reford, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Williams, at Nassau.

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Mr. and Mrs. McGaw of the Queen's Hotel gave a delightful little party to celebrate their daughter Christabel's birthday, on Wednesday evening. The guests were received in the large drawing-room of the hotel by Mrs. McGaw and the little hostess. Tea was served in the private dining-room and fourteen candles surrounded the birthday cake. Games and dancing made the evening a very charming one.

*

The marriage of Mr. Arthur Meredith, son of Mr. Edmund Meredith of Rosedale, to Miss Osler, niece of Mr. Edmund Osler of Rosedale, will take place in St. Simon's Church on February 26. The reception will be held at Mr. Osler's.

*

Last Saturday the National Club had their first driving party and I noticed in the procession Mr. Barlow Cumberland and family, Mr. and Mrs. S. F. MacKinnon, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Allan, Mr. and Mrs. John Akers, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Ryan, Mr. Austin Smith and party, Mr. J. K. Macdonald and party, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Patterson, Mr. Geo. Kappelle and family, Mr. Frank and party, Mr. W. T. J. Murray, Dr. Andrew Smith, Mr. Cooper and Mr. Crean

*

The marriage of Miss Grace Walker, daughter of ex-Alderman Walker, to Lieutenant A. Cecil Gibson of the Grenadiers, was celebrated at St Andrew's Church by the Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, on February 1, in the presence of a large gathering of the friends of the families. Miss May Walker acted as her sister's bridesmaid and Lieutenant Lowe as groomsman, and additional brilliancy was added to the affair by the presence of Lieutenant Gibson's company of Grenadiers, he having chosen to be married in uniform. During the afternoon a reception was held at the residence of the bride's father, St. James' square, and amongst many others present were Mrs. Gibson, mother of the groom, Mrs. Macdonnell, Mr. James Boyd, Mrs. Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. John Wright, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Moffatt, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Drayton, Dr. Wishart, Colonel and Mrs. Dawson, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Montizambert, Col. and Mrs. Grasett, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Christie, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Armour, Mr. and Mrs. Creelman, Miss Todd, Mr. and Mrs. Barwick, Mr. and Mrs. Cosby, Mrs. Nixon, Mr. and Mrs. McGaw, Mr. John L. Hay, Miss Thorburn, Mr. A. Winslow, Major Mason, Captain Brock, Mr. Lyman Dwight, Mr. Charles Cameron, Mr. Hume Blake, Mr. F. Michie, Mr. Rowland Moffatt, Mr. G. Cassels, Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn.

*

I always thought the one safe city for the straying steps of the wild and woolly husband was Boston. But oh, my! things have changed. The geometrical female problem indigenous to the soil has been re-enforced by a contingent from New York, and there's as much danger for a man to-day in Boston as there is for one smoking a pipe on a barrel of gunpowder. You never know when or where he'll go up.—*The Mirror.*

*

The once popular "tea" is now beginning to pall upon Baltimore society, and it is whispered that it will become like the dodo, extinct. The latest thing in the "tea" line is the musical variety, generally rather good in its way, though it is a pity to spoil good "tea" with bad music or good music with the inevitable "kaffeeklatsch." Real music is a thing separate and distinct from the common herd, and its devotees make it in too many cases their god.

*

I regret that owing to a letter from a correspondent going astray, I was unable to give, last week, the details of the marriage at Trinity Church, Simcoe, of David Thompson, M. D., Cayuga, eldest son of the late David Thompson, M. P., to Mary Emily Kilmaster, second daughter of the late Canon Grassett, Simcoe. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Henry Grassett-Baldwin, rector of the Church of the Ascension, Toronto, and cousin of the bride; and he was assisted by Rev. John Gemley, rector of Trinity Church. It was one of the most fashionable of recent events in Simcoe.

*

On Thursday evening, 21st inst., Trinity College Literary Institute give their annual conversazione. Mr. Stewart F. Houston is the secretary, and a pleasant time may be expected as every one who has been favored with an invitation to a previous one thoroughly understands.

*

I haven't received a prettier invitation this winter than the one from the president, officers and members of the Wanderer's Snow Shoe Club whose At Home will be in the Permanent Exhibition Buildings on Friday evening Feb. 22. The lady patronesses are Mesdames G. W. Ross, J. E. Rodgers, E. T. Malone, E. W. Cox, W. Young, R. B. Hamilton and A. E. Trow. The stewards are Messrs. A. Daniels, F. J. Murphy, L. McBrien, D. Merrick, A. Thompson, M. J. Taylor, C. H. Riggs and F. H. McCausland. Mr. William S. Kermann is the secretary.

*

An accomplished young lady of this city made a call upon somebody the other day, and she avows she passed a very delightful afternoon. Who the person was that she called on she does not know. All she knows is that she started out to call upon somebody else and by mistake she got into the wrong house, where she met with a very cordial reception from a young lady who evidently knew her well. This young lady rushed up to her when she entered the door and told how awfully glad she was to see her, calling her by name. She also entertained her guest so pleasantly and everything appeared to be so agreeable all around that the latter did not have the heart to break the spell by asking who her unknown friend was, and the unknown friend never knew that she was not known by her guest.

*

Next Friday evening the president and members of University College Literary and Scientific Society will have their annual conversazione, and those who remember what a delightful time they always have on such occasions, will not be apt to forget the date.

*

What the social status of Mrs. James Brown Potter is in New York, says a society paper of that city, at the present moment, cannot be accurately determined, because Mrs. Potter very wisely refrains from putting it to the test. She does so, of course, on the very plausible grounds that she has not time to give to society; and, undoubtedly, she is very much occupied. But the probability is that if Mrs. Potter attempted to call on any of the people whom she formerly knew in society and who formerly liked her, she would find that her position is entirely different from what it was even a year ago. The stories that have come over from England and the Continent respecting her doings there last summer, have circulated quietly among people in society and have had their natural effect. There can be no manner of doubt that Mrs. Potter's career as a society woman is practically ended. Whether or not her career as an actress has begun, those who have seen her recently in Antony and Cleopatra can easily determine for themselves.

Personal.

Miss Zephy Williams of Goderich is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Maitland Montgomery, 42 Major street.

*

Miss Towner left Monday morning by C. P. R. train for Montreal, she will be the guest of Mrs. A. B. Chafee during the carnival.

*

Among many other invitations received this week is one from the members of L. O. L. No 361 who will entertain their friends in Victoria Hall on February 14.

*

Miss Towner, Miss A. Wall, Mrs. Christie, Miss Denison, Mrs. Denison, Mrs. Swabey, Miss Rose of Toronto, were amongst the carnival guests at the five o'clock tea.

*

Mr. Frank G. Colter, the accomplished manager of Rhea, was in the city this week and feels by no means jubilant over the prospects of his attraction having to compete with Albani after following an opera company.

*

Miss Kate Westlake of St. Thomas, who has been the guest of Dr. Wilson, M. P. and Mrs. Wilson at Ottawa during the past week, is now in the city, the guest of her aunt, Mrs. G. W. Dunn of 31 Carlton street.

*

Miss Alida Varena, who appeared here last night in Maritana with such success, is a pupil of Mad. Marchisi. She is a winsome and pretty young lady and possesses a voice which should win her prominence in the musical profession.

*

W. C. Donaldson of this city, will be here the week of February 25, as leading man for Ada Gray in Ring of Iron and East Lynne. Mr. Donaldson's impersonation of his characters in both pieces has been highly commented on by the American press, especially his Carlyle in East Lynne.

*

At the progressive euchre party given by Mrs. Charles Reid of 19 Isabella street on Tuesday evening, Mr. T. W. Dyas broke the record and received the first B prize, a small bottle of ketchup. He is quite proud, as he and all his family, excepting the baby, have now received this diploma.

*

The Worshipful Master, officers and members of Stevenson Lodge will be At Home to friends in Masonic Hall on Friday evening, February 22. Mr. John Nicholson is the W.M., and Mr. H. Kerrison, secretary, Mr. Robert Cuthbert is chairman and Mr. George Howell secretary of the committee.

*

The "Noisy Boys" (Island Campers) had a jolly time at Shaftesbury Hall last Wednesday evening. Following is the committee: C. F. Prudhomme, C. W. Bedson, R. Weir, H. Barker, G. Zryd, H. Fish, J. Marrow, E. Callaghan, G. Roblin, T. Walke, C. Booth, H. S. Morrison, W. Barker.

*

The Society Italiana Di Mutuo Soccorso Cristoforo Colombo will have their first annual supper at Shaftesbury Hall on Monday evening. This society is doing excellent work in Toronto, and amongst those whose efforts have resulted in the present efficient organization are Mr. Michael Basso, and Mr. Saverio Napoletano, the secretary.

*

Mr. R. L. Patterson, so widely famed for his good looks and pretty ways, left on Tuesday night to look after the interests of his firm—Messrs. Millar & Richard—in British Columbia. He will not only try to sell hard Scotch type by the way, but to make it somewhat of a pleasure tour. He will return by way of San Francisco, Los Angelos and the Southern Pacific Railway, and will take a look at Mexico before returning to Canada.

*

The following Torontonians visited the Montreal carnival this week: Mrs. Wm. Briggs, Mr. A. Briggs, Mrs. R. McKinley, Mr. John D. Maclennan, Mr. Chas. Beatty and the Misses Beatty, Mrs. Steward, Chas. F. Maunsell, Mr. D. R. Bell, Messrs. F. Anderson, J. C. Hurst, J. Clark, H. O'Hara, A. Mills, F. Armstrong, T. Tomlinson, W. Bell, J. Rogers, E. Moritz, J. Johnson, E. Rale, J. N. Sutherland, James Wilson, F. B. Polson, Alf. Jackson, Arthur H. Bolton, Thos. Bell, J. McClung, Geo. H. Rogers' J. H. Maclean, R. L. Meadows, Geo. Musson, J. D. Hay, H. A. Massey, D. Brooks, J. Fogg, Mr. and Mrs. W. Boyd, Mrs. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Lennox.

*

Professor Davis gave an enjoyable At Home to the members of his dancing class and their friends, in the parlors over the Grand Opera House, last Saturday afternoon. The dances, fancy and otherwise, were executed with grace and precision by the most diminutive of the pupils. Amongst those whose dancing seemed particularly graceful were the Misses Lamont, Ina Keighly, Maggie Norden, Beatrice Carter and Mary Elwood. Mrs. Shaw of the Toronto Opera House, and her small son of six years, enjoyed a Rush polka, and several of the visitors found acceptable partners among the small men and women present. Ice cream and other refreshments were served between the dances, and every one seemed to enter with pleasure into the afternoon's amusement.

The late Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria.

An Unexpected Result.

"Shoot folly as he flies" is a bit of admonition which in these days is very hard to comply with, with any certainty of hitting the mark. Dicky Langflow found it so the other night.

His father's old friend, Colonel Hollison, had looked upon the ruby sec until all the other guests at the little dinner had vied with each other in their haste to ring up an ambulance, and Dicky concluded to do something unique in a revivifying way himself.

He held a bottle of Pommery close against the old gentleman's head and cut the cork-wire with one spasmodic swoop. The effect was electrifying, unusual and *outre.*

"Zash right," gurgled the patient. "Blow a new hole! Can't get it in fasht enough through m' moush!"

He Didn't Say He Was Drunk.

George D. Prentice, the famous wit and old-time editor of the Louisville *Journal*, in speaking of an assailant who had vehemently denied a charge of having been drunk on a certain occasion, said: "I cannot positively state that the gentleman in question was drunk, but I do knew that he was seen in the street at midnight, with his hat off, explaining the principles and theory of true politeness to the toes of his boots."

A Time When Money Is No Object.

"Vell," said Mr. Isaacstein to his clerk as he took off his coat, "how vos peezniss vile I vos out?"

"I sold a two-dollar pistol," replied the clerk.

"Dot vas goot, Jacob—goot."

"De shentleman wanted it to blow his brains oud," continued Jacob.

"Oh!" said Mr. Isaacstein, dubiously, "dot vos bad, very bad. He vould haf paid five tollars."

What Our Young Canadian Women Read.

In what I have been asked to say in the columns of SATURDAY NIGHT on the reading indulged in by the young womanhood of Canada, I hope I shall not be accused, as an ill-natured critic has phrased it, of "digging a hole that somebody may be helped out of it." Let it be charitably supposed that I have something else to do than this. The topic of my brief paper, necessarily however, involves criticism, and in some measure calls for deprecating comment, if not for censure. In what follows, I trust I shall in no way libel my country women, or lay myself open to the charge of exaggeration or of ungracious criticism.

It is admittedly difficult to obtain trustworthy facts as to what, as a rule, our young women read, or, beyond one's own limited observation and what may be gathered at the public libraries and the bookstores, to collect data sufficiently accurate for a safe generalization. Enough has been gleaned, however, to make it in the main clear that fiction, and not always the best fiction, is the reading-staple of our young people of both sexes, but chiefly that of young women. It is, moreover, clear that these young women belong generally to the leisured, and what is termed—we fear in a rather conventional sense—the educated class; and that many of them have only just terminated their school career. That these young people should pass at once from their school studies to an almost exclusive and absorbing round of novel reading is, at the threshold of our inquiry, a startling circumstance. We can understand the thing happening as a temporary reaction from the strain of serious and partly unattractive school study, and perhaps to mark, in a rather wilful way, release from the restraints of school discipline. But we cannot understand the continued and almost entire devotion to fiction, on the part of these young people, to the exclusion of every other kind of reading, and particularly to the exclusion of all interested study of the large and attractive field of history, biography and English literature, for the reading of which we should have supposed a good and inspiring school course would have created the taste and furnished a ready incentive. We have, however, to take the facts as they are, and the facts point to an amount of contemporary novel reading, by girls and young matrons particularly, not only wofully disproportionate to their reading in other departments, but seriously interfering with their mental acquisitions in the broad fields of learning, and in that which would be most helpful to them in taking their place in any accomplished society or even in fulfilling the practical every-day duties and obligations of life.

A consideration of this matter will not be helped by any discussion here of the value of fiction in supplying the mental or moral outfit of either sex. We have our own opinion—by no means a disparaging one—of what is to be gained from novel-reading, not as a mental discipline, we may say, nor merely as a legitimate source of recreation, but as a means of bringing the reader into contact with the world, of stimulating the imagination, of enlarging the horizon of thought, and not infrequently of inculcating wholesome ethics and lofty moral lessons. Our quarrel is not with novel-reading in the abstract, nor even with novel-reading in the varied and concrete forms in which it is nowadays so largely indulged. We are simply here speaking of a matter of over-indulgence—we might almost say, of enslavement—in the case of a special class of young readers to whom the novel of the day seems everything, and whose well-nigh entire reading is confined to fiction, and, as we have hinted, to fiction often of the poorest and trashiest class. It is against this that we enter a protest, and, in the interest of those for whom we would desire better things, we wish to warn our young women against making fiction, and above all, sensational fiction, their daily and all-consuming mental food. The unrestrained gorging of the mind with a perpetual, highly-seasoned and often foul diet; the unlimited revelling in extravagant and wholly unreal fancy and in feverish, sensuous dreams; the surrounding of life with all that makes one impatient of the simple, the rational, the humble and the earnest in the quiet, commonplace round of daily existence; and the disturbing of the mental balance by exciting scenes, thrilling dramatic situations and highly-wrought rhetorical climaxes, are of all mental dissipations the most hurtful and enervating in which the fresh unformed mind of a young woman can indulge. The proof of this is ample and convincing, and perhaps is best seen in the unfitness, of which it is the cause, for undertaking with earnest alacrity the humble prosaic duties of life and in the disrelish which it creates in the mind for more serious and inspiring as well as more instructive and informing reading.

But let us pass briefly to the practical and pleasanter view of the subject. Novel-reading, though in moderation we do not decry it, is not everything. In these days, indeed, it is much, whether we consider fiction as an education for the mind, as a solace in weariness and a relief from the world's toil and distraction, or whether we view it in the light of an entertaining literary art. Only let the novel be really good of its kind, lively if you like but clean and decorous; enchaining, yet at the same time mentally edifying; and, if possible, morally purifying, spiritually elevating and tending to make one good, loving and gracious, at once larger-minded and larger-hearted. Then and then only will its legitimate ends be reached, and, if indulged in moderately, harm will not be done but good will follow. How novels of this exceptional order only are to be made to fall in the way of the young reader, is of course the practical question, and this leads us to say a word or two on educational ends, and on a literary criticism in our public journals which would help one readily to choose the good and eschew the evil. No man, of the world at least, would dream of favoring a literary *censor morum*, to be applied to fiction, even if it would meet, instead of, by its publicity, increasing the evil. But much is wanted, in the way of a guide or index-finger, to the literature of the time, which might be easily supplied, in a university city like Toronto, by some extension of the college lecture system to the masses who use our public libraries and reading-rooms, as well as by our critical journals and newspapers devoting more space to book reviewing and perhaps less to sporting matters and the interminable and utterly profitless discussion of party politics. The system of University Extension work has been employed elsewhere with the best results, and were it made use of here by a series of popular lectures during the winter months, stimulating the intellectual life of the people and pointing our ways of securing sequence of study in the various fields of reading, we feel sure that like gratifying results would ensue. Even much is gained by the system of Home Reading Circles, such as the Chautauqua Course, and by such classes as the cultured "Seranus" (Mrs. Harrison) has, with laudable literary and art enthusiasm, established in our midst. These do much to quicken the intellect, to develop and adorn the mind, and to impart a higher character to the aims and objects of the youth of the age.

Something, we frequently think, might also be done in extending our library systems and in making them not only more attractive but more the vogue by causing them, through a modest fee, to be more select; and above all, in invitingly opening, in a series of central and spacious rooms, the shelves, tables and bookracks to the inspection of would-be readers, so that they may be tempted to read in wide and varied fields and have the opportunity of making choice of their evenings literary companion by actual contact with the books, rather than through the dull intermediary of a catalogue at the counter. Could this be done in connection with our excellent Free Library system it would, we venture to think, be a positive gain, though there is room for an experiment of another kind, and on other lines, if some beneficently disposed and public-spirited citizen or citizens would practically put it to the test. In connection with the suggested project, popular lectureships, reading clubs and historical, scientific, art and literary classes might be formed and an organization set on foot which would be very helpful to the intellectual life of the community and add much to its graces and refinements. The recent extension of the University course to women is a gain, it is true; and there is admittedly much advantage in bringing women under the spell of academic institutions and into contact with the associations that belong to places of learning. But there is urgent need of something more, and, it may be, of something less than this—some door opened in our midst which would not be so formal as a college hall, leading not to pedantry or to the foolish opening of the professions to women, but where our young womanhood would be lifted out of the mere simmer of social life and its aimless occupations into a higher region of mental, moral, and spiritual activity and into fields of thought that would extend and broaden their views of things and impart an added charm to their society. With such an institution set on foot, enthusiastically supported, and efficiently operated, we should then have no apprehension on the score of what our young women read, or of the evil to which they are constantly exposed by their present aimless pursuits and the empty round of a practically mindless existence.

G. MERCER ADAM.

P. S.—In a future paper the present writer hopes to discuss more in detail what our young women read, and—a service that may be helpful—to suggest to youthful students in literature some fields of profitable and entertaining study, with a setting forth of some of the attractions of the great creative minds in English literature, as exemplified in their works. The length of the present paper and the limited space at our disposal have prevented this contemplated task from being now attempted.

G. M. A.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

ELLIOT—On February 2, at Toronto, Mrs. John H. Elliot—a daughter.

MUMFORD—On February 1, at Hamilton, Mrs. E. A. Mumford—a daughter.

WHITE—On January 30, at Ottawa, Mrs. Frederick White—a son.

BASTEDO—On January 28, at Toronto, Mrs. Samuel T. Bastedo—a daughter.

STEVENSON—On January 31, at Barrie, Mrs. McLean Stevenson—a son.

GERMAN—On January 27, at Welland, Mrs. W. M. German—a son.

PAYNE—On January 31, at Toronto, Mrs. John Payne—a son.

DAVIDSON—On February 2, at Toronto, Mrs. Alexander Davidson—a daughter.

BELLEW—On January 27, at Norwich, Mrs. Henry C. Bellew—a daughter.

BARCLAY—On February 2, at Whitby, Mrs. L. T. Barclay—a daughter.

CLARKE—On January 30, at Toronto, Mrs. Wm. Clarke—a son.

WATTSON—On January 27, at Hunterville, Mrs. C. A. Wattson—a son.

Marriages.

GIBSON—WALKER—On February 1, at Toronto, Alexander Cecil Gibson to Grace Walker.

McKIMM—FROST—On January 30, at Smith's Falls, G. F. McKimm, editor of the *Rideau Record*, to Nellie E. Frost.

NAEHBORN—WOELFLE—On January 29, at Boston, Geo. K. Naehborn of Toronto, to Kate Woelfle of Berlin, Ont.

THOMPSON—PALIN—On January 30, at Collingwood, Frederick Harold Thompson to Lucy Margaret Palin.

WALKER—ALLEN—On January 30, at Galt, A. Ernest Walker of Toronto, to Ethel Allen of Galt.

LAVELL—SHEPHERD—On January 30, at Port Hope Wm. A. Lavell, M.D., of Smith's Falls, to Maggie Shepherd.

HOLLAND—FORTUNE—On January 30, at Port Hope, R. W. Holland of Port Arthur, to Harriet Rowe Fortune.

PARK—CORNISH—On January 30, at Toronto, William Park to Annie E. Cornish.

BLIZARD—GRIEDES—On January 30, at London, Robert Blizard of Caradoc, to Minnie Griedes of Westminster.

ALLARDISE—ROTHWELL—On January 30, at London West, T. C. Allardise of Hamilton, to Binda Rothwell.

OCONNOR—O'BRIEN—On January 23, at Toronto, John Francis O'Connor of Ottawa, to Josephine E. O'Brien of Perth, Ont.

CONGDON—WINLOW—On January 31, at Sequesing, George Congdon to Sadie A. Winlow.

THOMPSON—KILLMASTER—On January 24, at Simcoe, David Thompson of Cayuga, to Mary Emily Killmaster.

Deaths.

ATTON—On January 31, at West Toronto Junction, Emma L. Atton, aged 17 years.

DE BLAQUIERE—On January 27, at Barrie, Henry De Blaquiere.

GRAHAME—On January 31, at Oakville, Henrietta B. Grahame, aged 48 years.

GRIFFIN—On January 31, at Belleville, Charles H. Griffin, aged 32 years.

MOORE—On February 1, at St. Catharines, Irwin Berry Moore.

NASH—On January 31, at Toronto, Mary Nash.

PAYNE—On January 31, at Toronto, Paul Travers Payne.

WILSON—On February 1, at Walkerton, Mary Chamings Wilson, aged 64 years.

ROBERTS—On February 4, at Toronto, Phoebe Jane Roberts.

MOODIE—On February 3, at Toronto, Robert Baldwin Moodie, aged 45 years.

WARREN—On February 2, at Toronto, Ellen Warren, aged 41 years.

CATHER—On February 1, at Toronto, Wilhelmina Isabella Cather, aged 10 years.

SPOONER—On January 31, in California, Mina E. Spooner, aged 27 years.

GILKISON—On February, 4, at Toronto, Hannah Gilkison.

RAMSAY—On February 3, at Toronto, Rose Ramsay, aged 52 years.

WATSON—On January 29, at Toronto, Lizzie McGavin Watson.

DAVIS—On January 30, at Toronto, Anne Davis.

WILLIAMS—At Toronto, Elizabeth Rhodes Williams, aged 72 years.

BROWN—On January 23, at Port Lewis, P. Q., Maranda Lewis Brown, aged 59 years.

MORROGH—On January 24, at Dublin, Ireland, Leonard Morrogh.

REID—On January 26, at Ottawa, Annie M. Henderson Reid, aged 6 years.

RICHARDS—On January 26, at Ottawa, Sir William Buell Richards, aged 73 years.

FULLUM—At Montreal, Julie Berlinguet Fullum, aged 72 years.

FORBES—On January 27, at Collingwood, Mary Constance Forbes.

BUCKNER—At Southsea, England, Eliza Lydia Buckner, a ped 79 years.

MYERS—On January 29, at Toronto, William Myers.

The Concert and the Opera.

At the grand Italian or English opera the only proper dress is the full dress suit. In London, England, no man is admitted to the floor or boxes of the opera houses if he is not in full evening dress, and while there is no such regulation in the Grand Opera House, Toronto, the custom prevails almost as universally as in London. As to dress at dramatic performances the lines are not so closely drawn. If a gentleman joins a regular theater party, either in a private box or in orchestra seats, he should wear full evening dress, and in fact at all times full dress is admissible at the theater in the evening; but its absence is of course excusable when a gentleman has accepted an informal invitation to dinner and goes dressed in afternoon costume and afterwards invites his friend to or is invited to the theater informally. Light clothes are especially common and objectionable at the theater, and indeed in some European theaters no gentleman is admitted in the boxes or stalls save in full evening dress. Henry A. Taylor, the fashionable west end tailor, has received a number of orders for full dress suits, to be worn at the Alhani concert, which will no doubt be this season's most fashionable event.

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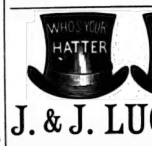

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Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vixen," "Like and Unlike," "The Fatal Three," etc.

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CHAPTER V.

"Poor little life that toddles half an hour,
Crosses with a flower or two, and talks a little and then is end—"

Sir Godfrey's device for diverting his wife's mind from the morbid fancies of the previous night answered admirably. She left Dorchester in high spirits, after having invited her cousins to Cheriton for tennis and lunch on the following day, and after having bade an affectionate good-bye to Theodore, who was to start on his holidays directly he could make an end of some important business now in hand. His father told him laughingly that he might have gone a week earlier had he really wanted to go.

"I believe there must be some attraction for you in Dorchester, though I am not clever enough to find out what it is, said Mr. Dalbrook, innocently, "for you have been talking about going away for the last fortnight, and yet you don't go."

Lady Carmichael had lingered in the homely old house till afternoon tea, had lingered over her tea, telling her cousins all they wanted to know about smart society in London, that one central spot of bright white light in the dull, gray mass of a busy, common-place world, which she knew so well and of which they knew so little. Janet and Sophia professed to be above caring for these things, and spoke from a purely philosophical point of view, as they cared for ants, bees and wasps, but they listened eagerly all the same, with occasional expressions of wonder that human beings could be so trivial.

"Five hundred pounds spent in flowers at Lady Dramlock's ball," cried Sophy, "and to think that in a few more million years the sun may be as cold as the north pole, and what trace will there be then of all this butterfly world!"

"Did the Mountains cut a tremendous dash this season?" asked Janet, frivolously curious about their immediate neighbors, country people who went to London for the season.

"Of course you know she had thirty thousand pounds left her by an uncle quite lately. And she is so utterly without brains, that I daresay she will spend it all in entertainments."

"Oh, they did entertain a good deal, and they did their best, poor things, and people went to them," Juanita answered with a depreciating air; "but still I should hardly like to say that they are in society. Even the first place she has never succeeded in getting the Prince at any of her dances; and in the next place her parties have a cloud of provincial dulness upon them against which it is in vain to struggle. He can never forget his constituents and his duty to his borough, and that kind of things does not answer. If one wants to give really nice parties, I'm afraid her legacy won't do her much good, poor soul, unless she gets some clever person to show her how to spend it. There is a kind of society-instinct, don't you know, and she is without it. I believe the people who give good parties are born not made—like poets and orators."

"Sir Godfrey looked down at her, smiling at her juvenile arrogance, which, to his mind, was more bewitching than another woman's humility.

"We mean to show them the way, next year, if we take a house in town," he said.

"But we are not going to have a house in town," answered Juanita quickly. "Why, Godfrey, you know I have done with all that kind of frivolity. We can go to Vichy and Ischl in May, and stay with our people there just long enough to see all the pictures, and hear some good music, and just rub shoulders with the friends we like at half a dozen parties, and then we will go back to our nest at the Priory. Do you think that I am like Lady Mountain, and want to waste my life upon the society struggle, when I have you?"

It was nearly six o'clock when they left Cornhill. It was more than half an hour after that they drew near Cheriton, and the sun was setting behind the irregular line of hills towards Studland. They approached the Manor by one of the most picturesque lanes in the district, a lane sunk between high banks, rugged and rocky, and with here and there the massive trunk of beech or oak jutting out above the roadway, while the gnarled and twisted roots spread over the rough shelving ground, and seemed to hold up the meadowland upon the higher level; a dark, secret-looking lane it must have seemed on a moonless night, sunk so deeply between those earth walls, and overshadowed by those gigantic trunks and interlacing branches; but in this mellow evening light it was a place in which to linger. There was a right of way through Cheriton Chase, and this sunk lane was the favorite approach. A broad carriage drive crossed the chase and park, skirted the great elm avenue that led to the house, and swept round by a wide semi-circle to the great iron gates which opened on the high road from Wareham.

The steep gable ends of an old English cottage rose amidst the trees, on the upper ground just outside the gate at the end of the lane. It was a veritable old English cottage, and had been standing at the corner of the park-like meadow for more than two hundred years, and had known but little change during those two centuries. It was a good deal larger than the generality of lodges, and it differed from other lodges inasmuch as it spread out, side the gate instead of inside, and on a higher level than the road; but it was a lodge all the same, and the duty of the person who lived in it was to open the gate of Cheriton Chase to all comers, provided they came in such vehicles as were privileged to enjoy the right of way. Thus, a lady in a Mendlesham, somewhere; perhaps at coal wagons or tradesmen's carts; but for the generality of vehicles the carriage road across Cheriton Chase was free.

A rosy-faced girl of about sixteen came tripping down the stone steps built into the bank as the carriage approached, and was opening the gate in the open gate in time for Sir Godfrey to drive through without slackening the pace. He gave her a friendly nod as he passed.

"Does Mrs. Porter never condescend to open the gate herself," he asked Juanita.

"Seldom for anyone except my father. I think she makes a point of doing it for him, though I believe he would much rather she didn't. You mustn't sneer at her, Godfrey. She is a very unassuming person, and very grateful for her comfortable position here, though she has known better days, poor soul."

"That is always a vague expression. What were the better days like?"

"She is the widow of a captain—in the mercantile marine. I think it is called—a man who was almost a gentleman. She was left very poor, and my father, who knew her husband, gave her the lodge to take care of, and a tiny, tiny pension—not so much I spend upon gloves, I'm afraid; and she has lived here contentedly and gratefully for the last ten years. It must be a sadly dull life, for she is an intellectual woman, too refined to associate with upper servants and village tradespeople; so she has no one to talk to—literally no one—except when the Vicar, or any of us call upon her. But that is not the worst, poor thing," pursued Juanita, dropping her voice to a subdued and sorrowful tone, "she had a great trouble some years ago. You remember, don't you, Godfrey."

"I blush to say that Mrs. Porter's trouble has escaped my memory."

"Oh, you have been so much away; you would hardly hear, perhaps. She had an only daughter—her only child indeed—a very handsome girl, whom she adored; and the girl went wrong somehow, and disappeared. I never heard the circumstances. I was not supposed to know, but I know she vanished suddenly, and that there was a good deal of fuss with mother and the servants and the vicar; and Mrs. Porter's hair began to whiten from that time, and people who had not cared much for her before were so sorry; that they grew quite fond of her."

"It is a common story enough," said Godfrey, "what could a handsome girl do—except go wrong—in such a life as that. Did she open the gate while she was here?"

"Only for my father, I believe. Mrs. Porter has always contrived to keep a girl in a pinafore, like that girl you saw just now. All the girls come from the same family, or have done for the last six or seven years. As soon as the girl grows out of pinafores she goes off to some better service, and a younger sister drops into her place."

"And her pinafores, I suppose."

"Mrs. Potter's girls always do well. She has a reputation for making a good servant out of the raw material."

"A clever woman, no doubt; very clever, to have secured a lodge-keeper's berth without being obliged to open the gate; a woman who knows how to take care of herself."

"You ought not to disparage her, Godfrey. The poor thing had known very much trouble—think of what it was to lose the daughter she loved—and in such a way—worse than death."

"I don't know about that. Death means the end. A loving mother might rather keep the sinner than lose the saint, and the sinner may wash herself clean and become a saint—after the order of Mary Magdalene. I think Mrs. Porter had been really devoted to her daughter she would have followed her and brought her back to the fold. She would not be here, leading a life of genteel idleness in that picturesque old cottage while the lost sheep is still astray in the wilderness."

"You are very hard upon her, Godfrey."

"I am hard upon all shams and pretences. I have not spoken to Mrs. Porter above half a dozen times in my life—she never opens the gate for me you know—but I have a fixed impression that she is a hypocrite, perhaps—one of those women whose chief object in life is to stand well with the Vicar of her parish."

They were at the hall door by this time, and it was a quarter to eight.

"Let us sit in the drawing-room this evening, Godfrey," said Juanita, as she ran off to dress for dinner. "The library would give me horrors after last night."

"My capricious one. You will be tired of the drawing room to-morrow. I should not be surprised if you ordered me to sit on the housetop. We might rig up a tent for afternoon tea between two chimney stacks."

Juanita made a rapid toilet, and appeared in one of her graceful dinner dresses, white and green, veiled in a cloud of softest lace, just as the clocks were striking eight. She was all gaiety to-night, just as she had been all at morbid apprehension last night; and when they went to the drawing-room after dinner—together, for it was not to be supposed that Sir Godfrey would linger over a solitary glass of claret—she flew to the grand piano and began to play Tito Mattei's famous waltz, which seemed the most consummate expression of joyousness possible to her. The brilliant music filled the atmosphere with gaiety, while the face of the player, turned to her husband as she played, harmonized with the light-hearted music.

The drawing-room was as frivolously pretty as the library was soberly grand. It was Lady Audley's room, and had been furnished for her. The room was a kind of record of her ladyship's travels. She had bought pretty things, or curious things reserved for her by her friends, and had brought them home to her Cheriton drawing-room. Thus the walls were hung with Algerian embroideries on damask or satin, and decorated with Rhodian pottery. The furniture was a mixture of old French and old Italian. The Dresden tea services and ivory statuettes, and cups of mother-of-pearl and Copenhagen figures, had been picked up all over the continent, without any regard to their combined effect; but somehow, in spite of many things that the ultimate result was delightful, the room being spacious enough to hold everything without the slightest appearance of over-crowding.

The piano stood in a central position, and was draped with a Japanese robe of state—a mass of rainbow silk embroidery on a ground of violet satin almost covered with gold thread. It was the most gorgeous fabric Godfrey Carmichael had ever seen, and it made the piano a spot of vivid parti-colored light, amidst the more subdued coloring of the room—the silvery silken curtains, the delicate Indian muslin draperies, and the dull tawny plush coverings of sofas and chairs.

The room was lighted only by clusters of wax candles, and a reading lamp on a small table near one of the windows. It was a rule that wherever Sir Godfrey spent his evening, there must always be a reading table and lamp ready for him.

He showed no eagerness for his books yet awhile, but seemed completely happy lolling at full length on a deep sofa, and watching and watching as Juanita played. She played more of Mattei's brilliant music—another waltz in arrangements of *Non Fer*—and then began on one of Chopin's wildest mazurkas, which she played with an antacious self-abandonment that was almost genius.

Godfrey listened rapturously, delighted with the music for its own sake, but even more delighted for the gladness which it expressed.

She stopped at last, exhausted by Mendelssohn's Capriccio. Godfrey had risen from the sofa and was standing by her side.

"I'm afraid you have tired you to death," she said, "but I had a strange sort of feeling that I must go on playing. That music was a safety valve for my high spirits."

"My darling, I am so glad to see that you have done with imaginary woes. We may have real troubles of some kind to face by and by, perhaps, as we journey up the hill, so it would be very foolish to abandon ourselves to fancied sorrows while we are on the top."

"Real troubles—yes—sickness, anxiety, the fear of poverty," said Juanita in a troubled voice. "Oh, Godfrey, if we were to give half our fortune to the poor—if we were to make ourselves poor, that we might be able to spare us such pangs as these—the fear—the horrible fear of being parted from each other."

"My dearest, we cannot make a bargain with Providence. We can only do our duty, and hope for the best."

"At any rate let us be very—very good to the poor," urged Juanita, with intense earnestness, "let us have their prayers at least."

The night was warm and still, and the windows were all open. As Godfrey and her cheek against that bloodless cheek and moaned and cried over him, while the butler went to get brandy, with but little hope in his own mind of any useful result.

"What an end to a honeymoon?" he said to himself, despondently.

(To be Continued.)

They decided on driving to Swanage next morning. They would go in the landau and bring "the mother" back with them for a day or two, if she could be persuaded to come.

Juanita stifled a yawn presently, and seemed somewhat languid after her sleepless night and long day of talk and vivacity.

"I am getting very stupid company," she said. "I'll go to bed early to-night, Godfrey, and leave you an hour's quiet with Wider Horizons. I know you are longing to go on with that book, but your chatterbox wife won't let you."

Of course he protested that her society was worth more than all the books in the British Museum. He offered to take his book up to her room and read her to sleep, if she liked; but she would not have it so.

"You shall have your own quiet corner and your books, just as if you were still a bachelor," she said, caressingly, as she leaned upon his shoulder for a good-night kiss. "As for me, I am utterly tired out. Janet and Sophy talked me to death; and then there was the long drive home. I shall be as fresh as ever to-morrow morning, and ready to be off to dear Lady Jane."

He went into the hall with her, and to the top of the stairs for the privilege of carrying her candlestick, and he only left her at the end the corridor out of which her room opened.

She did not ring for her maid, preferring solitude to that young person's attendance. She did not want to be worried with elaborate hair brushing ceremonies of any kind. She was thoroughly exhausted with the alterations of which her life had been made up of late, and she fell asleep almost as soon as her head touched the pillow.

The bedroom was over the drawing room. Her last look from the open casement had been upon the reflection of the lights below on the terrace. She was near enough to have spoken out of the window to her husband had she been so minded. She could picture him sitting at the table at the corner window, in his thoughtful attitude, head bent over his book, one knee drawn up nearly to his chin, one arm thrown carelessly across the arm of his low easy chair. She had watched him thus many a time, completely absorbed in his book.

She slept as tranquilly as an infant, and her dream-wanderings were all in pleasant places: with him, always with him; confused after the manner of all dreams, but with no sign of trouble.

What was this dream about being with him at Woolwich where they were firing a big gun across dreams? She had been there once with her father to see a gun drawn—but she had never seen one fired there—and now in a dream she stood in a crowd of strange faces, fronting the river, and there was a long grey ironclad on the water—a turret ship—and there came a flash and then a puff of white smoke, and the report of a gun, short and sharp, not like the roar of a cannon by any means, and yet her dream showed her the dark sullen gun on the grey deck, the biggest cannon she had ever seen.

She started up from her pillow cold and trembling. That report of the gun had seemed so real and so near, that it had awakened her. She was wide awake now, and pushed back her loose hair from her eyes, and felt under her pillow for her watch, and looked at it in the dim light of the night-lamp on the table by her bed.

"A quarter to one."

She had left the drawing-room a few minutes after ten. It was long for Godfrey to have sat reading alone; but he was insatiable when he had a new book that interested him.

She got up and put on her slippers and dressing-gown, prepared to take him to task for his late hours. She was not alarmed by her dream, but the sound of that sharp report was still in her ears as she lighted her candle and went down into the silent house.

She opened the drawing-room door, and looked across to the spot where she expected to see her husband sitting. His chair was empty. The lamp was burning just as she had left it hours ago, burning with a steady light under the green porcelain shade, but he was not there.

Puzzled, and with a touch of fear, she went slowly across the room towards his chair. He had vanished on the terrace and she—had gone out for a final smoke. She would wait after him in her long white gown, and frighten him for his pains.

"He ought at least to take me for a ghost," she thought.

She stopped transfixed with a sudden horror. He was lying on the carpet at her feet in a huddled heap, just as he had rolled out of his chair. His head was bent forward between his knees, his face was hidden from her. She tried to lift his head, hanging over him, calling to him in passionate entreaty; and, behold, her hands and arms were drowned in blood. His blood splashed her white gown. It was all over her. She seemed to be steeped in it, as she sat on the floor trying to get a look at his face to see if his wound was mortal.

For some moments she had no other thought than to sit there in her horror, repeating his name in an accent of terror and despair, and seeking him to answer her. Then gradually came the conviction of his unconsciousness, and of the need of help. He was badly hurt—dangerously hurt—but I might not be mortal. Help must be got. He must be cured somehow. She could not believe that he was to die.

She rushed to the bell, and rang again and again and again, hardly taking her finger from the little ivory knob, listening as the shrill electric peal vibrated through the silent house. It seemed an age before there was any response, and three servants came hurrying in—the butler, and one of the footmen, and a scared housemaid. They saw her standing there, tall and white, dabbled with blood.

"Someone has been trying to murder him," she cried. "Didn't you hear a gun?"

No, no one had heard anything till they heard the bell. The two men lifted Sir Godfrey from the floor to the sofa, and did all they could to staunch that deadly wound in his neck from which the blood was still pouring—a bullet wound. Laudbeck, the butler, was afraid that the bullet had pierced the jugular vein.

If there was life still, it was only ebbing life. Juanita flung herself on the ground beside that prostrate form and kissed the inanimate lips, and the cold brow, and those pallid cheeks; kissed and cried over him, and implored him again and again that the wound was not mortal.

"Is anyone going for the doctor?" she cried frantically. "Are you all going to stand still and see him die!"

Lambert assured her that Thomas was gone to the stable to wake the men and dispatch a mounted messenger for Mr. Dalby, the family doctor.

"He might have helped us more if he had run with himself," cried Juanita. "There will be time lost in waking the men and saddling a horse. I could go there faster."

She looked at the door as if she had half resolved to rush off to the village in her dressing-gown and slippers. And then she looked again at that marble face, and again fell upon her knees by the side of her husband, her cheek against that bloodless cheek and moaned and cried over him, while the butler went to get brandy, with but little hope in his own mind of any useful result.

"What an end to a honeymoon?" he said to himself, despondently.

(To be Continued.)

He Had Met the Champion.

He looked a bit hard up, but he had a pleasant face and smooth address as he walked into the office of a railroad running West and asked for the superintendent. When conducted to that official's desk, he began: "I want the favor of a free pass to Buffalo."

"Can't have it," was the prompt reply.

"I expected that answer, and am prepared for it. I did not come here with a tale of woe. I have not been robbed."

"No!"

"Not a rob. I did not lose my money on the street. I am not obliged to rush home to see my wife die. I am not a consumptive who is anxious to get home and die among his friends. All these pleasures are old."

"Yes, very old and thin."

"And yet I want a pass to Buffalo. I feel that I have a right to ask it."

"On what grounds?"

"This morning I saved the life of a passenger on one of your transfer boats. He was a big blackeyed man named Clark. Had he gone overboard it would have cost you perhaps $50,000 to settle the claim."

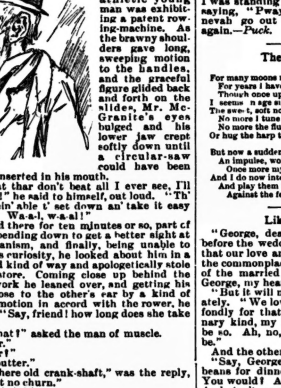
"Clark! Big man with red whiskers! Wretched man, you know not what you did! That's the man who has already got a claim for $20,000 against us for breaking his leg. If you had only let him go overboard we could have settled with his heirs for less than a quarter of the amount. Go out—go away. You have taken thousands of dollars out of our pockets by your meddlesome act."

The sponge walked out without a word, but as he reached the door he was heard to grumble: "I thought I was the best liar on the Atlantic coast, but I feel I must now take a back seat."

A Park Meeting.

Tootsey—Hullo, Tot!
Tot—Hullo, Tootsey!
Tootsey—Dot any tigarettes 'bout 'oo? Left mine home—goo, goo!—*Puck.*

A Mistaken Dandinia.



He was from Boiled Springs, Vermont, and he stood in front of a down-town window in which an athletic young man was exhibiting a patent rowing-machine. As the brawny shoulders gave long, sweeping motion to the handles, and the graceful figure glided back and forth on the slider, Mr. McGranite's eyes bulged and his lower jaw fell softly down until a circular-saw could have been laterally inserted in his mouth.

"Ef that thar don't beat all I ever see, I'll trot oxen!" he said to himself, out loud. "Th' idea of a man a-sittin' down an' take it easy like that. Wa-a-l, w-a-al!"

He stood there for ten minutes or so, part of the time bending down to get a better sight at the mechanism, and finally, being unable to control his curiosity, he looked about him in a furtive kind of way and apologetically stole into the store. Coming close up behind the man at work he leaned over, and getting his mouth close to the other's ear by a kind of locating motion in accord with the rower, he inquired: "Say, friend! how long does she take t' git it?"

"Git what?" asked the man of muscle.

"Butter."

"Butter?"

"Yes, butter."

"Look here old crank-shaft," was the reply, "this ain't no churn."

"What is it?"

"It's the first machine ever built for killing bayseeds by electricity, and the power's almost ready."

Mr. McGranite, at last accounts, was still running away from the locality of that store.

A Plain Direction to Heaven.

The witty Bishop of Lichfield was recently staying at a country house, the owner of which had a mania for stuffed birds and beasts, which enriched the hall and the great staircase with a perfume like that of a first class menagerie. "Don't you think, my lord," said he to his guest, "that this staircase seems to be rather weak?" "Well, I don't know," replied the Bishop; "it certainly smells pretty strong!"

Through the hearty laughter that followed, a harsh dissentient voice suddenly made itself heard. "I could ask the Bishop a question that would puzzle him, clever as he thinks himself."

"Well, sir, now's your time for it," said a quiet voice from the opposite corner; "I am the Bishop of Lichfield."

The swaggerer seemed somewhat taken aback, but quickly asked, "Well, my lord, can you give me a plain direction how to get to Heaven?"

"Yes," said the Bishop, "turn to the right, and then keep straight on."

The Surprise Was Complete.

"We had a surprise party up to our house t'other night," said a man from Hoyt Station, who had wandered into the country market, Thursday. "The minister's ait hands come. When they opened the door they busted in without knockin', I was at the sink with my eyes full o' soap, th' ole woman was settin' on the floor, sittin' her corns with my razor, an' 'Lizey was spankin' the baby. We was surprised, I bet ye!"

He Could Safely Wear the Watch.

A good story is told of a French advocate, who had made it a rule never to take up a case in which he did not thoroughly believe. One day he chanced to be entertaining a distinguished company at dinner, when he was informed that a client urgently requested an interview. It turned out to be a man whose acquittal of stealing a watch was a foregone conclusion. Appearances had been strongly against the prisoner, who, it was thought, had been not a little assisted by the character of his counsel. Doubtless the poor fellow was impatient to express his gratitude, and an audience was not unwillingly accorded. He looked somewhat abashed at the presence of the guests; but re-assured at the kindly tone of the host, began:

"Monsieur, it is about that watch."

"Yes, my friend; I congratulate you on the triumphant vindication of your innocence."

"Then the trial is quite over?"

"Why, of course!"

"And I can't be tried again?"

"Certainly not!"

"They can do nothing more to me?"

"How could they?"

"Then I may safely wear the watch," said the fellow, as he pulled the stolen article from some mysterious recess of his coat and walked off in triumph, leaving the astonished lawyer to the merciless raillery of his guests.

The Sign of the Sex.

Hoffman Howes—Good gwacious, Gibby, what's the matter? I never saw you look so dreadfully flushed.

Howell Gibbon—Awful mawtification, Hoffy! I was standing in the car, and a man got up, saying, "Pway take this seat, Miss." I nevah go out without my single eye-glass again.—*Puck.*

The Revival of Music.

For many moons my lute hath lain unstrung;
For years I have not blown the gay cornet;
Thoughts came upon the lyre my heart was set,
I seems n age since from its strings I wrung
The sweet, soft notes in sorrow oft I've sung.
No more I tune the once-loved flageolet,
No more the flute I fondle as a pet,
Those days have passed from which I often clung.

But now a sudden whim doth me enthrall,
An impulse, wondrous strong, as thou mayest judge;
Once more my unused instruments I love,
And I do now intend to play them all
And play them long, because I've got a grudge.
Against the fellow on the floor above.

Like the Rest of Us

"George, dear," she said a night or two before the wedding, "do you think it possible that our love and our married life can become the commonplace, coldly practical love and life of the married people we see around us? O, George, my heart would break if I thought so."

"But it will not be so," said George passionately. "We love each other too tenderly, too fondly for that. Our love is not of the ordinary kind, my darling, and our lives will not be so. Ah, no, no, my angel; that can never be."

And the other day she said:

"Say, George, how would you like baked beans for dinner, with pumpkin pie dessert? You would? All right, then, baked beans goes. And don't you forget that bottle of Mellin's food for the baby, or I'll send you back after it, and mind that you don't keep dinner waiting."

And he, with a falling off of the passion of ten years ago, says:

"All right, Lou; and I wish you'd sew a button on the back part of those striped trousers of mine; you'll find them hanging over a chair in our room. Don't have the beans as dry as the last were, and you watch the baby's cold. That watering of the eyes looks like measles to me. There's my car. Good by!"

Devotion and Worms.

One hear sometimes, even in these degenerated days, an enthusiastic expression of devotion, and I think this, reported from Coronado Beach, is about as imaginative as need be; it is a trifle gruesome:

She—Your eyes are the blackest black and your hair is the brownest brown in all the world.

He—You say so now.

He—I shall say so as long as there is breath in my body and then—

She—And then—worms will eat you then, but not for love.

He—They will eat me and then they will go and look for the worms that have eaten you and kiss them.

She—Ugh!

Much Too Rare.

Little Pierre, a French boy, went out to walk with his father on the road, and was badly frightened by a drove of pigs.

"Why should you be afraid, Pierre?" his father asked. "Why, you eat such creatures as these at dinner, you know."

"Yes, papa," said Pierre, "but those aren't well enough done!"

He Was Probably Correct.

First London Dude—Three million more women than men in the British Isles. Gawgee! How the devil is that, me boy?

Geawge—Cawn't say, weally, unless they count us in the women, don't yer know?

First L. D.—Aw! Pwobably.

He Tumbled.

"Look here, captain," began a prisoner who had pas-ed a couple of days in a cell at headquarters, "I want some information!"

"About what!"

"Why don't you provide these cells with beds, carpets, rocking-chairs and other comfortable things, so as to make a prisoner's stay pleasant?"

"Why didn't you go to a first-class hotel instead of coming here?" queried the captain in reply.

"Ah! see. I tumble. Nuff ced. It all depended on me, and I skipped the tra-la-la."

Aunt Jane's Hero.

"Very well, Clare, if you wish me to leave all my money to some asylum, you are going just the right way to bring it about. When I first saw Frank's noble face, I made up my mind that he was the husband I should choose for you."

As Aunt Jane said these words she laid down her knitting and looked over to her niece.

Clare was curled up in an arm-chair, with only the back of her sunny head visible, and a soft sound of sobs told what she was doing. Suddenly they ceased, as she sprang to her feet.

"Aunt Jane, I don't want your fortune, if Frank Alines is to go with it! I hate him! the great, awkward——"

"No, no, Clare, don't call him names. He's one of the noblest men God ever made, and if some day you do not discover it for yourself, you are not what I think you. Never mind saying any more on the subject now; but bear in mind that I shall never give my consent for you to become that snipper-snapper Clarence Holland's wife."

Then she got up, and going to Clare, put her arms around her and drew her close to her kindly heart, in a manner quite at variance with her harsh words. Clare was only a little woman, but nature had made up in quality what she had withheld in quantity, for a prettier, daintier, sweeter little thing, with her sea-blue eyes and rings of yellow hair, it would have been hard to find. She had only been with her Aunt Jane a year, and it was while at boarding school she had met the man to whom she had given her girlish heart.

Clarence Holland was a ladies' man in the fullest sense of the word, although why a perfumed exquisite, who can boast only of a "lovely" mustache, and whose soul never rises above the latest styles, should be called by that title, I for one could never see. However, that was his de-cription, and to little Clare, with her slight knowledge of the world, he was a hero indeed.

Up in her room Clare took a tiny note from her pocket and opened it. "My adored Clare," it began; and then the foolish child kissed it, while her blue eyes kindled, as she exclaimed to herself:

"No one shall ever part us!"

When she went down to the library, there was Frank. Clare gave him her hand, and then retreated to her favorite easy-chair, and watched him furtively, with the words her aunt had spoken, ringing through her mind. "One of the noblest men God ever made." He was tall (too tall, Clare was thinking, though few would have agreed with her), but she was forced to acknowledge that his face was a good one, as she marked its union of strength, intelligence, and manliness, and the kind, tender smile upon his firm lips.

By and by they strolled out into the moonlit garden, and walked three abreast down the broad paths, with their sweet-scented borders of old-fashioned flowers on either side, until Aunt Jane suddenly remembered something to be done, and went in, and there were only two sauntering in the moonlight.

Then Clare began to tremble, for she instinctively knew what was coming, as she saw the steady, dreamy look in her companion's eyes quickly change to a bright gleam. He turned and looked down upon her.

"Clare," he said, speaking very softly, "don't you know what I am going to say to you?"

Clare did not answer. Then impetuously sweeping her little figure right off her feet, he clasped her close to his heart, as he exclaimed:

"I knew you must have seen that I loved you, my darling."

With a crimson flush on her fair face Clare forced herself from him.

"Frank Alines! you are making a mistake. I do not love you!"

The young man's cheek blanched as he heard.

"Not love me! Oh! Clare, can it be that I have been deceived all this time?—that what I saw in your eyes was only friendship? Oh! my darling, is there no hope for me?"

Clare's head drooped as she heard the ring of sharp pain in his earnest tones. Then she looked up, and taking his great hand in both her own soft ones, she said:

"I am very sorry for this, Frank; but indeed there is no hope, for—I—love another."

There was a deep silence for a while, as Frank Alines's hopes of happiness ebbed away. He seemed to have taken leave of youth, and all its sweet illusions, before he spoke again.

"I never suspected this," he faltered. "I wouldn't have spoken so if I had, though I couldn't have helped loving you."

The honest grief in his face brought tears to Clare's eyes.

"I am so sorry," she said; and then they walked quietly into the house together.

Clare went up to her room and sat down by the open window. The shadows grew darker and darker, and still she was motionless. Strange thoughts were surging through the girl's mind. She wondered at herself that Frank's unsophisticated embrace had not made her more angry, and again she felt the clasp of his manly arms, and saw the tender look in his eyes, and involuntarily the question arose in her mind: "Am I making the mistake, instead of Frank?" She had not seen Clarence for a long while, and unconsciously her ideas of life were beginning to change, and her growing womanliness to recognize the worth of such a character as Frank Alines.

But she had given Clarence her promise, and, yes, she loved him as much as ever—so she thought.

Frank had gone, and the weeks went by. Every now and then came letters from Clarence to Clare.

Aunt Jane looked on. Frank had told her of his rejection; but not a word on the subject did she say to her niece. One day, some months after, as they were sewing in the sitting-room, Aunt Jane said:

"Clare, I've been thinking that this old house must be very stupid for a young thing like you. While Frank was here, of course it was different; but now, how would you like to fill the house with company for a few weeks, and have a gay time?"

"Oh, auntie, that would be fun; but whom would you ask?"

"Well, I've been thinking that I shouldn't let an old prejudice stand in the way of my dear niece's happiness. Suppose we say first, Mr. Holland."

"You dear, good old aunty!" exclaimed Clare, springing to her aunt's side, and almost smothering her with kisses.

Aunt Jane smiled a rather peculiar smile, as she disengaged herself and straightened her rumpled cap. Then she went on:

"There are your school friends, Tiny Pateman and Lulu Grant, and we'll send for Frank. Of course, by this time, he's gotten over his sore feelings."

She said this looking keenly into Clare's face, which had fallen somewhat at the mention of Frank's name.

"Run off now, and write the notes. Ask three more young ladies and gentlemen, whom you choose, and I'll try and make them enjoy themselves."

After Clare had gone, the old lady's face still kept its peculiar smile, as she thought:

"It may be foolish of me, putting her right in his way. But no. I know his stock, and I guess I run no risk."

The gay company came.

Such lively times as they all had! Such glorious moonlight sails on the lake! Such picnics in the woods! Such magnificent tableaux! for which Aunt Jane brought out all her treasures of velvets and satins from their sweet-cedar chests.

Frank had come, and Clare confessed to herself that Aunt Jane was right. No one would have picked him out for a victim of unrequited love as he laughed and jested with piquant Tiny, who evidently looked with favor upon her tall cavalier. Clare knew she ought to be pleased that it was so; but all unconsciously she missed the kindly glances that had once been all for her, and felt something which if it wasn't jealousy, was akin to it, as she would see his tall form disappearing under the trees, with the brilliant Tiny leaning confidingly on his arm.

All this time Aunt Jane was not idle, and as she talked with Clarence Holland, and drew him out, she saw that her former judgment of him had been correct. The little approaching when the pleasant party were to separate, and one morning, Aunt Jane and Lulu Grant and Mr. Holland were in the breakfast room, waiting for the rest to make their appearance, when the conversation turned upon wills, led that way no one knew exactly how, except perhaps Aunt Jane.

"Well," said Lulu Grant, "I for one sha'n't care if I never am rich, for then no one will quarrel about my money after I am gone."

"I shall guard against that," said Aunt Jane, "for in my will I shall endow a worthy charity which Dr. Morse has often spoken to me about."

Lulu looked up into the old lady's face, as she spoke, and her quick woman's wit understood the quizzical expression she saw there. Not so, however, Clarence Holland. He was very absent all through the meal, and after breakfast went up to his room, complaining that the heat had given him a headache. The next day he was gone, and a short note on Clare's bureau told the reason. He had been called away on business, he said, and, besides, he felt that it was better he should go and leave her free. It was an incoherent note; but when Clare showed it to Aunt Jane, she understood it.

"The mercenary wretch! I read him right. It was what I said about my will that has caused this. Thank your heavenly Father, my child, that your eyes have been opened at last."

A bright color bathed Clare's face as she exclaimed:

"Aunty, my eyes have been opened for some time. I knew I did not love him, but I had given him my promise."

The house seemed very lonely when they had all gone; but the loneliness was good for Clare. She grew to miss the familiar form and voice she had been used to notice so little: and to wish that Frank would come soon again.

Then came a letter to Aunt Jane from the far West:

"My Dear Friend,—You will be surprised when you receive this to know that I am out on the plains, fighting the Indians, I believe, expecting to; we have had no encounter as yet. I wanted to come and bid you and Miss Clare good-bye, but it was all so sudden. My friend, Major Hugh Fieldinz, commands the party, and when volunteers were called for, I was the first he asked, and I was not sorry to go. You have known, my dear friend, of my love for your niece. Of course, all that is past; but, all the same, I feel as if I am just as well here as anywhere else. Nevertheless, wherever I may be, I shall always remember you with the same affectionate respect.

"Please give my regards to your niece.

"Yours sincerely, Frank Alines."

Aunt Jane burst into tears.

"Oh! Clare; see what you have done!"

Clare read the letter in silence, and a pallor crept over her face as she awoke to know what she had suspected for a long time was true, and that the love she once refused was the one thing in the world that she now longed for.

"If he dies, I shall never forgive myself, aunty," she said, at last, in a choked voice, and they mingled their tears together.

Then how eagerly the papers were scanned. The Indians were causing a great deal of trouble, and news came from time to time of skirmishes, and of officers killed or wounded. And one day, with the letters dancing in fantastic shapes before her eyes, Clare read that a final engagement had taken place, resulting in the victory of our troops; and a little further down, under the list of the killed, the name of Frank Alines.

For two months Aunt Jane smothered her own sorrow, as she leaned over the bed where her niece lay, and heard the anguished cry:

"Frank! Frank! it is I who have killed you!"

Then the crisis came, and the doctors said their patient would live.

Time passed, till one day Aunt Jane came into the room where, bolstered up in an arm chair, was Clare, a mere shadow of her former self. All her wealth of sunny hair was gone, and the wan, child-like face seemed almost too spiritual for this earth. She went, and, leaning over, kissed her niece's forehead.

"What are you thinking about, little one?"

A rush of tears burst from the girl's eyes, as she exclaimed:

"Aunty! Aunty. Why did I get better! What use is there of my living, when I—wretched I!—sent him I loved to his death! Oh, Aunty! It is more than I can bear!"

Clare forced them-elves through the thin fingers as she covered her face with her hands. Aunt Jane did not speak. There was a slight movement in the room, and Clare raised her head. Then a piercing cry of unutterable gladness rang out:

"Frank!"

A manly figure knelt by her side; his arms were around her; and Frank (for it was he) spoke:

"Darling, I have heard it from your own lips. You do love me!"

But Clare had fainted; the joy was too much for her feeble frame. When she came back to consciousness, and saw Frank bending over her, regardless of Aunt Jane—who, indeed, was too much overcome to notice—she wound her soft arms round his neck, and as he felt the tremulous kiss upon his lips he knew that at last the love he had coveted so long was his.

It did not take long to tell of his capture by the savage foe, and of his escape and joyful greeting from his comrades, who had mourned him as dead.

To say Aunt Jane was pleased, would not be enough; and when her lawyer drew up her will, I do not think that the charity asylum got all of her fortune, although, of course, no one knows yet, for she is still alive, and watches with happy eyes the wedded love of her niece Clare, and the husband she chose for her.

An Ungrateful Man.

The manager of a railroad was sitting in his office, puzzled over the continuous outcroppings of the interstate commerce law, when a card bearing the name "W. B. Lancaster Finchly," was handed to him.

"He says that his business is of great importance," said the porter who brought the card.

"Show him up," the manager irritably replied.

Mr. Finchly soon entered. He was not dressed in dark care. Indeed, one of his shoes was badly run over and on the lapel of his shining double breasted coat there might have been seen—in fact was seen—small particles of potato salad.

"What do you want?" the manager sharply demanded.

"You are the manager of this road."

"Yes."

"There rests upon your shoulders the leaden responsibility of this great concern—in short, there is no doubt but that you are the manager?"

"State your business or get out of here."

"Yes—thank you. I wanted to be sure that I was addressing the main man of affairs. Now to business. A gentleman, in high official position in the treasury department at Washington, has just arrived in the city, bringing with him the startling information that several millions of counterfeit five and ten-dollar notes have been turned loose in this community. The work is done so well no one but a man of much experience can detect even the slightest trace of fraud." The visitor shifted his weight from one foot to the other and then continued: "I am a sort of public character, sir, and I regarded it my duty to come and warn you, knowing that railroads are likely to gather in, with their far reaching commercial clutches, a great deal of every out-put of counterfeit currency."

The manager, having put down his pen, sat staring, in a half-amused way, at his peculiar caller. The visitor thus continued: "I am a friend to the railroads, to some of them, at least, and I hope that you will permit no one to impose on you."

"I can tell you, I assure you, from being a lamb. By the way, you said just now that you are a sort of public man."

"I am sir."

"What business are you engaged in?"

"Well, just at present I am not directly connected with any enterprise. I am merely staying in the city a few days, but intend to leave soon for Kansas City. I should have left this morning, doubtless, but, as I say, I deemed it my duty to warn you."

"I am a thousand times obliged to you," replied the manager, with well-concealed sarcasm.

"Not at all. In this life, sir, I think that we should endeavor to help one another. As I said, I am going over to Kansas City. Your road reaches that place, I believe."

"Yes."

"Then I shall have the pleasure of riding on it. Ah, would you mind giving me a pass? You see, I came to warn you, and have really lost much time. Just write me out a pass, and I shall always remember that, although you have obtained a great place in the commercial world, you are really a man of gratitude."

"You'd better go to the banks and warn the cashiers."

"I have warned them."

"Then the country's safe."

"Yes, this part of it, but I must needs go over to Kansas City. Will you give me the pass?"

"No."

"Are you willing to go on record as a man of ingratitude?"

"Yes."

"Are you willing to have it thrown up to your children in after years?"

"I am."

"Then, sir, I must bid you good day. I no longer feel safe in the presence of so desperate a man. Farewell. Oh, by the way, would you mind giving me a chew of tobacco?"

"I've got none."

"Then *vale*, sir, *vale*. Ingratitude, thou art sharper than a 'possum's tooth."

Salisbury's Saucy Son.

Of all the *enfants terrible* ever born, the present Lord Cranborne (the eldest son of Lord Salisbury) was in his juvenile days the most terrible, for not content with palloping with his younger brother helter-skelter through the park on their Shetland ponies, he would say things which would very often greatly try the gravity of his indulgent parents. On one occasion, for instance, a very proxy old Duke had called in Arlington street to see Lady Salisbury, and the pauses in the conversation grated dreadfully on the nerves of little Cranborne, who was lying with his curly head on his mother's lap, for Lady Salisbury is a devoted and indulgent mother, and used to allow her children into the drawing-room at all times and very often when they had far better been in the nursery. Suddenly, after a pause of more than ordinary duration, the baby Viscount lifted up his head and said yawning, "If you haven't got anything more to say, why don't you go away?" This may be perhaps why the Cecil boys had in their early years the reputation of being the rudest in London.

A Low Revenge.

A lively lady once remarked that she always revenged herself for the stare of a man by gazing long and fixedly upon his feet, if by chance they were where she could do so. It is well known that all men are very sensitive as to their feet.

"That always makes them color and turn away," she said laughingly, "I have tried it scores of times."

The Eton Boy at Inkermann.

The Duke of Wellington said that Waterloo was won on the cricket fields of Eton. He referred to the gallantry of his officers, many of whom had been trained by the games and sports of that famous school. An illustration of the effect of such training in developing a man's limbs and wind was given at Inkermann, one of the most stubbornly-fought battles of the Crimean war:

A young officer, who had learned at Eton not much from books but a good deal from his sports, had hot work on that eventful night. His sergeant fell at his side. Seizing the dead man's rifle, he fired it, emptied his own revolver, drove his sword through a Russian officer, was surrounded and taken prisoner. While going to the rear with two stalwart Russians, he looked at their long coats and said to himself, "They can't run." Watching his opportunity, he knocked one soldier heels over head, threw the other by a wrestler's trick into the mud and took to his heels. Before his guardians were on their legs and could fire he had got over a good piece of ground.

A Russian lancer made at him; he ran as if leading an Eton foot race, and cleared a good-sized fence. The lancer cleared it after him, and with lance fixed pressed the fugi tive hard. A swollen brook, running fiercely, barred his way. It was 17ft. wide, but the Etonian had won the long jump when at school, having cleared 19ft over Chalvey ditch. He now jumped the brook; the lance refused to follow, and the young officer ran back into the English lines.

"Hurrah for Eton!" he shouted, as a schoolmate shook his hand—recalling the school where he had learned to shoot, to fence, the art of boxing, the wrestling dodge, the high jump, the long jump, and the use of his legs.

An Early Beginning.

The lawyer was sitting at his desk absorbed in the preparation of a brief. So bent was he on his work that he didn't hear the door as it was push-d gently open nor see the curly head that was thrust into his office.

A little sob attracted his notice, and, turning, he saw a face that was streaked with recent tears.

"Well, my little one, and what do you want?"

"I want," and there was a resolute ring in her voice, "a divorce from my papa and mam ma."

If it is truth, what does it matter who says it?

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Mr. James—"I'll stay out dis hitch." (Kicks vigorously right and left.)
Mr. Howells—"So'll I."
Mr. Biglein—"I don' see nuffin' in my han' wuf 'rastlin wiv,"
Mr. French (with his back to the glass)—"Peahs ter me yo' gonnleman's bery timid ter git scarf off on a pah ob juices."—*Judge.*

A New Administration.

The Biggest Scholar—So you're the new teacher! Wa-al, I guess you won't last no longer'n the rest of 'em; us fellers has licked 'em all, one after t' other!

The New Teacher—Now, children, you may take your seats, after which we will commence the day's exercises by singing that beautiful song, beginning:

"We are happy little scholars, and we love our pleasant school;
And we love our gentle teacher, and obey his kindly rule."—*Puck.*

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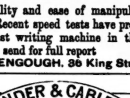

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Choosing a Vocation.

Parents are not, as a rule, sufficiently careful to see that their boys have opportunities to choose the careers in life that will best suit their special dispositions and aptitudes. Youths often drift, as it were, into trades and professions for which they are entirely unsuited, and as a consequence become failures in life, when if their tastes and predilections had been carefully studied, they might have prospered and perhaps risen to eminence in some altogether different line. The world is full of round men in square holes: poor, briefless lawyers who would have made successful farmers or manufacturers, prosy preachers, without heart in their calling, who would have shone at the bar, and unsuccessful merchants with no business capacity who would have found their true vocation as editors, physicians, or mechanics. It is a great mistake to pitchfork a young man into the first opening which presents itself without considering whether his bent lies in that direction—and a still greater one to encourage or force him to remain in a position for which he has manifested a positive distaste. It is inevitable that with all the care and judgment which may be used in deciding upon a career for the young mistakes will sometimes be made at the outset. Young men frequently do not know their own minds, and a greater familiarity with the details of the trade or profession they have chosen may show their unfitness for it. In such cases the best thing they can do is to abandon it at once and look about for one more in accordance with their capacities and likings. The loss of a year or two at the beginning of a young man's active life is a small matter as compared to the injury and disappointment entailed by following for the best part of his life an uncongenial vocation, only perhaps to abandon it from necessity at a later period. Unless a man takes a pleasure in his business, whatever it may be, he is little likely to be useful in it either to himself or his fellows. Perseverance is an admirable quality, but when exercised in sticking to an employment which is distasteful and unsuited to the qualities of the learner, simply because he made the mistake of selecting it at first, it is decidedly misplaced.

One Cause of Unhappy Marriages.

The vexed question, Is Marriage a Failure? has been so thoroughly thrashed out since the topic was started with the object of giving some of the London newspapers something to write about during the silly season, that the theme must have become wearisome to most readers. But despite all that has been said and written thereon, there is one phase of the question which has hardly received due attention. If marriage, as an institution, is not a failure, there is no question that individual marriages are, and this applies not only to those entered upon with mercenary or other unworthy motives, but in many cases where the parties were both well-intentioned and honorable, but mistook a passing fancy for a permanent affection. Incompatibility of temperament may not be adequate grounds for divorce, but it is a genuine bar to anything like happiness in the marriage relation. There may be no serious fault on either side, but a difference of tastes, of pursuits, of habits, of thought and of sympathies may make shipwreck of the peace and harmony of what at the outset seemed a felicitous and auspicious union. One great cause of wedded unhappiness is that our social customs do not allow young people sufficient opportunities of becoming thoroughly and intimately acquainted with each other before betrothal. On the formal occasions when they meet they are on their best behavior. It often happens that the young lady, who a few minutes before has been scolding her sisters like a fury and speaking rudely to her parents, will appear all smiles and graciousness to welcome her lover in whose eyes she appears a model of amiability and good temper. And the young man who poses before his "best girl" as an embodiment of knightly virtue is often known to his familiar associates as a creature of a very different stamp. There is little opportunity for either to become disillusionized until the knot is irrevocably tied, and then the awakening comes too late. As social usages are at present a gentleman cannot pay marked attentions to a lady for any length of time nor seek many opportunities of familiar converse without being expected to declare his intentions. He often finds himself virtually committed and unable to withdraw honorably from an engagement, when still uncertain in his own mind as to whether he has chosen for the best. Young people are thus hurried into matrimony upon comparatively slight acquaintance, instead of being allowed to become thoroughly intimate before any engagement is contemplated. If parents would but realize that it is far preferable that their daughters should remain unmarried all their lives than that they should be mismated, and that without a mutual knowledge of characters and temperaments, marriage is but little better than a lottery there would be fewer ill-assorted couples yoked together for life.

Nature and revelation are alike God's books. Each may have mysteries, but in each there are plain, practical lessons for every-day duty.

Music

A long programme of organ and choir music consumed an evening at the Western Congregational Church on Thursday evening. The organ music was provided by Dr. Davies, who was formerly organist at St. James' Cathedral. The organ on Spadina avenue is not a very large one, and the doctor was hampered a little by the newness, so had to change his programme in one particular at least, still he had scope enough to show the excellence of his playing, and I was very glad to see that it was so well appreciated by the audience, and frequent applause and sturdy encores, which had to be responded to, assisted to lengthen a programme of twenty pieces. The choir singing evidently met with considerable admiration in the audience, although it was rather rough and hard in tone. I here heard an instance of the rubbishy arrangements of operatic music to which I alluded last week. The choir sang Hark! What Mean those Holy Voices to Il Balen! Can there be any greater poverty of resource? It was, in a measure, a relief to my choler, to find that the arrangement was not made by any one whose name sounded sufficiently well to make one expect good things of him, but was rather by an individual with the ignominious and saponaceous name of —— Sudds! Some of the solo voices in the choir were very good ones and full of promise. The assistance of Miss Jessie Corlett was of considerable value. Her voice is very pleasing in its quality, and her recent studies have improved her style. The accompaniments were well played by Mr. John Lawson.

The conversazione at the University promises to be very brilliant this year. Next Friday will see the usual crowd in the Convocation Hall, for whose delectation the University Glee Club, under Mr. Schuch, will sing a pleasing repertoire, embracing college songs, a waltz chorus—Hope—by Garrett, a Slavonic love song by Dudley Buck, and the celebrated pilgrim's chorus from Wagner's Tannhauser. The vocalists so far as determined are Mrs. Mackelcan and Miss Maggie Campbell. Mon. F. Boucher will play some of his charming violin solos, and a new elocutionist, Miss Nora Coleman, a talented young lady from the Philadelphia school, will make her *debut*. The orchestral accompaniments will be omitted this year, and a couple of good pianos used in their stead. At these Mr. G. H. Fairclough, '91, will preside, being assisted at the other by Mr. A. S. Vogt.

All who know Herr Ludwig Corell, the clever 'cello soloist, will be glad to hear that he will return here in April, and join the staff of the College of Music. His return will make many good things possible and we shall then only want Mr. Jacobson to complete the famous old Toronto String Quartette. Mr. W. O. Forsyth's Romance, which was first played by the orchestra of the 125th Regiment of German Infantry at Leipsic, will receive its first Canadian representation at the hands of Torrington's orchestra at its next concert, when a composition by Mr. Clarence Lucas will also be played.

I have received from Edwin Ashdown his latest publication, the Idylwylde waltz, by Mr. J. B. Hutchins, a pretty little work destined to become very popular in the drawing-room, especially as it has words by Miss Matie E. Diamond, which are very singable, and which may be sung with the music at parties.

METRONOME.

Ladies in Journalism.

Journalism, says a New York society paper, is becoming quite a fashionable feminine amusement in England, and in many cases ladies of rank find that the result of the use of their pen form a very agreeable addition to their incomes. Even the Royal family are not exempt from this fancy, and the Princesses Christian and Louise are by no means infrequent contributors to magazines, and more especially to those which are chiefly perused by their own sex. Of the two, Princess Christian has the most claim to literary style and ability. Her articles are sound, thoughtful, full of common sense, and are therefore exceedingly attractive to those who prefer this sort of solid *pabulum* to literary trifles. Other ladies worthy of mention who contribute occasionally or regularly to the press are Lady Dorothy Nevill, Lady Archibald Campbell, Lady Fairlie Cunynghame and Lady Colin Campbell (who is art critic to one paper, and does a great deal of general journalistic work as well), Lady Greville (who contributes now and then a short story or article to a leading magazine), the Countess of Meath (who can write fluently on mission and charitable work), and numerous others. And indeed the same rule applies in America, for much of the society gossip in the recognized New York newspapers is supplied by ladies of the best social position. Many do it for amusement, and a few for the amount of money they earn by it. It is a field that women, particularly women of refinement and education, should enter with enthusiasm. The small talk of the drawing-room, the gossip of the afternoon tea, the thousand and one things that women only can pick up, make remarkably interesting reading, and I am glad to welcome an army of intelligent women as my possible assistants in the direction of improving the tone of New York journalism.

A Valuable Story.

On a recent trip Gov. Routt gave me permission to tell the following, which he says Gen. Grant enjoyed exceedingly. In the early days of Leadville's boom a group of miners and good fellows were gathered around the tavern stove spinning yarns. One had caught a ten-pound trout, another had harpooned a whale in the arctic seas, and so on, when up spoke the little Governor: "Well, boys, all that's nothing to my luck; I once caught a pickerel weighing 150 pounds." "Oh, Governor! a pickerel weighing 150 pounds!" resounded from all sides. No one would believe the tale, but Routt persisted, and, after vainly trying to shake their incredulity, explained: "Pickrell is my wife's first name. He says he never spent a cent for cigars or other luxuries during the rest of his visit. One of his hearers gave him a share in the mine that started him on the high road to great wealth.

I was almost alone at the Grand Opera House when I dropped in on Tuesday evening to see The Fugitive. The house was top heavy and all the applauding was done on the upper floor. In the lower part of the house the array of empty seats was enough to chill the enthusiasm of any company, even if they had more of it than the company which plays The Fugitive, appears to have. In the last act, when the listeners are supposed to be somewhat stirred at the confession of a murderer, I saw Hester Mobyon (Miss Leigh), presumedly one of the most interested persons, gazing at the footlights with the vacant stare of a person who has not had enough sleep, while the lover, who stood ready to receive her unconscious form in his arms when she should be overcome with joy, was doing a facial contortion act that would scare a policeman. It was amusing and more than amusing, for "straws show which way the wind blows." The patrons of the Grand Opera House are not to be satisfied with the rantings of third-class actors or with a spectacle of the waves of a pasteboard sea, heaving with the diabolical precision of an old fashioned straw cutter. Mr. O. B. Sheppard has done his share to spoil the appetite for such shows here by the introduction of first-class artists, and more this season, perhaps, than ever before.

The trouble with The Fugitive is that it falls short in both its mechanical and so-called dramatic parts. In these days of elaborate scenery, tanks, etc., The Fugitive cannot travel on its scenic shape. On the other hand in dramatic perfection it falls short of the second class. The story is of the most conventional kind and the climaxes are hewed out in a strained and clumsy fashion.

The acting of William Cullington as Crackles struck me as being as promising as that of any of the company. Mr. Will C. Cowper, the villain of the play, was interesting. The rest of the company did not exhibit special ability or in fact any at all.

On Thursday night the American Opera Company appeared at the Grand in Lucia di Lammermoor. Last night Maritana was played to good business. To-day's matinee will be Fra Diavolo and this evening Bhlo Maschera. This company will be dealt with at greater length next week.

On Monday evening next one of the most accomplished artistes on the stage, Mlle. Rhea, will open an engagement at the Grand Opera House, limited to three nights and a matinee. For the initial bill she will present her greatly admired performance of Beatrice in Shakespeare's comedy of Much Ado About Nothing, to which she brings all the force of her charming personality and artistic ability. Her admirable presentation of "My Lady Tongue," as Benedick sarcastically calls Beatrice, is instinct with the wit, the humor, and the heroism of the times, and one for which Rhea's magnificent figure and bearing admirably fit her. On Tuesday evening Sardou's comedy of A Dangerous Game will be performed with Rhea as Helene, a fascinating little engenue that calls for all the qualities of the talented and experienced artiste. For the Wednesday matinee, Rhea will repeat her performance of Beatrice, and at night will close her brief engagement by the performance of Scribe and Legouve's well-known and popular play Adrienne Lecouvreur. Mlle. Rhea will have excellent support in the person of Mr. Wm. Harris. The company in its entirety is spoken of as one of exceptional ability. Mlle. Rhea promises to surprise the ladies by wearing some of the newest and richest Parisian gowns, on which Worth has almost exhausted the resources of his art.

We, Us & Co. which has been the play at the Toronto Opera House this week is a conglomeration of nonsensical trash. The same old gags, hitting one another with stuffed clubs, jokes at the expense of old songs, vulgar horse play *ad nauseam*, are the stock in trade of We, Us & Co. The plot is not worthy of the name, and such as it is, is completely swamped by the overflow of senseless absurdities. I thought it required a vigorous constitution to "stay with" this show for two hours. Yet as I came away, I heard a young girl, not a strong looking girl either, say to her companion as I passed them: "I tell you, it's great, ain't it?"

"Takes all kinds to make a world!" I remarked to my friend.

"It is a good thing that we are not all blessed with good taste!" said he, and we trundled along in silence.

Mr. J. H. Wallick will appear next week at the Toronto Opera House in The Bandit King. The New York *Times* says: "The three horses, Bay Raider, Roan Charger, and Texas, figure extensively in the stirring scenes of the play, and perform their parts with much more intelligence than the majority of the human actors. Mr. Wallick himself is an actor of the strong old type, and is ably seconded in his labors by a good dramatic company, who are all good in their particular roles, and reflect much credit upon the management."

THEATRICAL NOTES.

Charles Coghlan, the author of Jocelyn and brother of Rose Coghlan, is playing Macbeth with Mrs. Langtry at the Fifth avenue Theater, New York.

Edgar Strakosch, of the lately disbanded Kellogg Opera, was recently married at Windsor, Ont., to Harriet Avery, a soprano of that organization.

Lester Wallack's Memories of Fifty Years will be republished by Charles Scribner's Sons in an edition of five hundred copies. The portraits will be paged separately, and there will be autograph letters in facsimile, with reproductions of Wallack's first theatrical contract and first play bill in the country.

Mr. P. S. Gilmore is arranging a series of festivals through the country to commemorate the twentieth anniversary of the first great jubilee in New York. Among the artists engaged are Messrs. Campanini, Del Puente and M. W. Whitney, and Mmes. De Vere, Blanche Stone Barton and Helen Dudley Campbell.

I understand that Mr. Aronson contemplates a remarkable revival of Erminie. Arthur Roberts, a celebrated English comedian, will play Cadeaux; Fred Leslie will play Reavennes; Sadie Martinot will take Marie Jansen's place and Lillian Russell Pauline Hall's. Mr. Aronson is also negotiating with Emma Juch. Well, well!—*Mirror.*

Sol Smith Russell must have been born under a happy conjunction of the planets. According to a Western paper his little son Bob, while digging in the back yard of the family residence at Minneapolis recently, developed a vein of coal. Mrs. Russell said nothing, her husband being away from home at the time, until she had, through her attorney, secured an option on all the real estate in the vicinity.

Joe Jefferson has gone to his beautiful home near New Iberia, La., for a three months' rest. He has made Florence an offer to join his company next season to play in The Rivals and in The Heir-at-Law." Florence, it is said, is willing, if Jefferson will bill the company as the Jefferson-Florence company. As John Gilbert has arranged to play in this company and as Mr. Drew continues too, the conjunction would therefore, be very strong and admirable.

While we are having a decidedly good atmosphere of Cleopatra on the New York stage, Sara Bernhardt is visiting the land of Cleopatra and is having, so I am told, "a perfectly grand time." She is described as standing for half an hour in front of the Sphinx, and then turning to her companion, said: "Tenez, if her nose were not broken, she would resemble me. My friend, if you could see me a hundred years from now, I would look exactly like that." Then she gave a shudder and said she was "devilish hungry." I am also told she allows her son, Maurice, $60,000 a year. Her expenses have been enormous everywhere. Her bill for baggage transport in Austria was $6,500; in Roumania, $4,000; in Turkey, $7,000.—*Mirror.*

Selina Dolaro, the once famous operatic singer, is dead. A writer in the New York *Mirror* says: "Five days before her death I met Madame Dolaro at the table of a friend. It was there that she told me the story of her recent struggles, the curious history of the MS. of her novel and the other matters. The extraordinary courage and cheerfulness of this brave woman impressed me deeply, while the shrunken form and white, pinched face with its great blazing eyes, denoted the extent of her sufferings and pitifully predicted that the end was not far distant. But I had no idea it would come within the week. Her last words, as I helped her on with her coat, still echo in my ears: 'I may not live a week, I may live a month; but life is as dear to me now as it is to you.' Poor Dolly!"

J. K. Emmet is a rich man, and despite the fact that he may occasionally play a one-night stand he knows how to enjoy life, and is a staunch adherent of the belief that while we live we should live *en regle*. He carries with him an iron-clad contract, to be signed by the proprietors of the hotels at which he stops, stipulating that the finest suite of rooms and the most comfortable arrangements possible shall be made for himself, his wife and his dog, "Plinlimmon," the $5,000 St. Bernard. Provision is made that "Plinlimmon" shall have efficient care and attention, and Mr. Emmet's motto is printed on the contract, so that the proprietor shall be sure to see it. This is the legend: "The best of everything is not too good." The question of terms for these sumptuous accommodations never enters into the arrangements.

An American critic, says: There are those who do not hesitate to think and say that Fanny Davenport's present condition of health is the commencement of the end of her stage career. I don't think I ever saw so marked a difference in the appearance of any woman as is noticeable in her case. She has aged immensely. She looks drawn about the face, unhappy, thin, and spiritless. Her performances lack fire and interest—indeed, she acts on the stage precisely as she does on the street, like a being who is absolutely tired of life, and indifferent to its surroundings. How much of this is due to chronic ill-health, I am at a loss to say. It is not in woman to command eternal youth, even though that woman be a popular and gifted actress, and Fanny Davenport has done good work in this long life of hers, work that will live to her credit as an artist.

Mrs. Mary H. Fiske, the brilliant, versatile "Giddy Gusher" of the New York *Mirror*, and wife of Stephen Fiske, did last Monday morning, at her home, No. 72 West Ninety-third street, of pneumonia and gastric fever. Mrs. Fiske was about fifty years of age. She was known to every actor and actress as well as journalist in the country as a kind-hearted, sympathetic and accomplished woman. She was born at Hartford, Conn. When she was only sixteen years old she began to write plays which were brought out at the Bowery Theater by Charles Fox. Later she became a full-fledged journalist, and her signature, M. H. B., became famous throughout the country. The field of serial writing also proved attractive and remunerative to her, and in many cases her bright pen furnished stories labelled by other names, she being content with the profit while others reaped the glory and literary vanities of supposed authorship. The latest, and possibly the best, work which Mrs. Fiske ever did was that strong but gloomy drama, Philip Herne, which was played to large business at the Standard Theater, New York. She had two other plays on the stocks at the time she was taken sick. Early in the winter a little child belonging to drunken and depraved parents was picked up on the road in Westchester county. Mrs. Fiske, who had no children of her own, adopted the little one and named him Philip Herne Fiske.

Prof. Hardy says that strong character, like strong muscles, comes from activity, from warfare, not retreat.

On Diverse Strings

What My Lover Said.

This poem was printed in the *Argonaut* some eight years ago, with a note explaining that Barton Hill had read it at one of his Evenings with Unknown or Forgotten Poets.

By the merest chance, in the twilight gloom,
In the orchard path, he met me—
In the tall, wet grass, with its faint perfume,
And I tried to pass but he made no room;
Oh! I tried, but he would not let me.
So I stood and blushed till the grass grew red,
With my face bent down above it,
While he took my hand, as he whispering said—
How the clover lifted each pink, sweet head,
To listen to all that my lover said!
Oh! the clover in blooom, I love it!

In the high, wet grass went the path to hide,
And the low, wet leaves hung over;
But I could not pass upon either side,
For I found myself, when I vainly tried,
In the arms of my steadfast lover,
And he held me there, and he raised my head,
While he closed the path before me;
And he looked down into my eyes, and said—
How the leaves bent down from the bough o'erhead,
To listen to all that my lover said!
Oh! the leaves hanging lowly o'er me!

Had he moved aside but a little way,
I could surely then have passed him;
And he knew I never could wish to stay,
And would not have heard what he had to say
Could I only aside have cast him.
It was almost dark, and the moments sped,
And the searching night wind found us;
But he drew me nearer and softly said—
How the pure, sweet wind grew still, instead,
To listen to all that my lover said!
Oh, the whispering wind around us!

I am sure he knew, when he held me fast,
That I must be all unwilling;
For I tried to go, and I would have passed,
As the night was come with its dew at last,
And the sky with its stars was filling;
But he clasped me close, when I would have fled,
And he made me hear his story,
And his soul came out from his lips, and said—
How the stars crept out, where the white moon led,
To listen to all that my lover said!
Oh, the moon and the stars in glory!

I know that the grass and the leaves will not tell
And I'm sure that the wind, precious rover,
Will carry his secret so safely and well,
That no being shall ever discover
One word of the many that rapidly fell
From the eager lips of my lover.
And the moon and the stars that looked over,
Shall never reveal what a fairy like spell,
They wove round about us that night in the dell,
In the path through the dew-laden clover;
Nor echo the whispers that made my heart swell,
As they fell from the lips of my lover.

A Lover With His Love's Vignette.

For Saturday Night.

I kiss her brow, I kiss her lips,
(I kiss 'tween heart-heav'd sighs;)
I kiss the bloom upon her cheek,
The love that lights her eyes.

I kiss the rich brown silken hair
That crowns her lovely face;
And wonder which I love the most,
The sweetness or the grace.

'Tis all I have, the vignette there,
But love supplies the rest;
Ah, would to Heaven the whole were near,
And to my bosom press'd!

G. M. A.

Living Thoughts.

Not from the duke or the earl or the king,
Nor the man who is riches-laden;
From neither of these do the great thoughts spring,
Nor yet from the high-born maiden;
For shallow, indeed, may the brain power be
At the back of a grand exterior;
And what is the use of a high degree
When the thoughts are all inferior?

And who shall we say that the thinkers are
But the humble in life and lowly,
Who look upon Truth as a guiding star
To the thoughts that are high and holy?
There's many a thinker of sterling worth,
From the blacksmith down to the cowman;
And many a genius as humble in birth:
Remember that Burns was a ploughman.

Ah! Nature goes not into marble halls
To fashion her sons of greatness,
But over the cottage her finger falls
With the sweetness of sweet sedateness,
And one of the humble set comes into life
With nothing to recommend him
But a heart that is ready to enter the strife
With the strength that God may send him!

The Lost Kiss.

I put by the half-written poem,
While the pen, idly trailed in my hand,
Writes on, "Had I words to complete it,
Who'd read it, or who'd understand?"
But the little bare feet on the stairway,
And the faint, smothered laugh in the hall,
And the eerie low lisp on the silence,
Cry up to me over it all.

So I esther it up—where was broken
The tear-faded thread of my theme,
Telling how, as one night I sat writing,
A fairy broke in on my dream,
A little inquisitive fairy—
My own little girl with the gold
Of the sun in her hair, and the dewy
Blue eyes of the fairies of old.

'Twas the dear little girl that I scolded—
"For was it a moment like this,"
I said, "when she knew I was busy,
To come romping in for a kiss?
Come rowsying up from her mother
And clamoring there at my knee
For 'one 'itle kiss for my dolly,
And one 'itle uzzer for me?'"

God pity the heart that repelled her,
And the cold hand that turned her away!
And take from the lips that denied her
This answerless prayer of to-day!
Take, Lord, from my mem'ry forever
That pitiful sob of despair,
And the patter and trip of the little bare feet,
And the one piercing cry on the stair!

I put by the half-written poem,
While the pen, idly trailed in my hand,
Writes on, "Had I words to complete it,
Who'd read it, or who'd understand?"
But the little bare feet on the stairway,
And the faint, smothered laugh in the hall,
And the eerie-low lisp on the silence,
Cry up to me over it all.

Noted People.

C. E. Weaver of Washington county, Pa., is the owner of the pistol with which Col. Johnson is supposed to have shot Tecumseh, October 5, 1813. He also has a pipe smoked by Daniel Boone in 1775.

Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker of London, is going to start a series of smoking sermons. He thinks that the London workingmen may be induced to go to church if they can find a place where pipe smoking and religious service may be pursued together.

The Princess of Wales, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is meager in her millinery. The other day she was having some hats made for her daughters and took her own material to be made up. She never gives much more than thirty shillings for a bonnet.

James Parton, the biographer, married Fanny Fern, the authoress. When dying the latter insisted that after she died her husband should marry her daughter by a previous husband. This was done, and when Parton went to Massachusetts, where such marriages are prohibited, he tried to have a law passed legalizing his marriage, but without success, and he was forced to quit the state.

Mr. Kennan, the Siberian explorer and writer, went on his travels largely for the sake of his health. "I sailed," he said, "from New York for San Francisco, a pale-faced, gloomy, morbid boy, only nineteen years of age, and weighing only 120 pounds. Rough, outdoor life so quickly restored my health that before I had been in Siberia a year I weighed 156 and could endure more hardship and privation than half the natives."

Bill Arp tells this of Sam Jones' part in Sherman's march to the sea, in the Atlanta *Constitution*: "Sam Jones and a few dare devils hung on their flanks and stole horses and mules most every night and hid them away off in the swamps. Sam was nothing but a boy of 16, but they say that he stole over 100 and gave them all away to the poor people who had lost their stock. You see he got some old blue Yankee clothes and put them on and went about among the guards who had charge of the extra horses, and he made out like he was a Yankee, too, and he generally carried with him a bottle of whisky and a deck of cards and got them drunk and gambled with them, and before morning he would have several of their horses and mules away off in a swamp. He was just as full of mischief then as he is now, though his mischief was of a different kind. He was fighting the Yankees then and he is fighting the old boy now, and there isn't so much difference after all."

Geo. Bancroft, the veteran American historian, has enjoyed an uncommonly vigorous old age, but his friends are agreed that he has taken his last horseback ride, although it is only a year or so since he bought a new steed, and only a few months since he took a header without the slightest injury. He may not, therefore regard the agreement of his friends in this respect. But there is small room for doubt that he has done with his life task of history writing. "Since Mr. Corcoran's death last year Mr. Bancroft enjoys the distinction of being the most venerable among the well-known people of Washington. The vigor may have gone, but the sweet serenity and the charming dignity of his old age remain. It is now nearly seven years since he wrote: 'Conscious of being near the shore of eternity, I wait without impatience and without dread the beckoning of the hand which will summon me to rest.'"

Your curiosity may be gratified by the discovery of the authorship of that famous poem Mary Had a Little Lamb. It is declared to be a Mrs. Tyler, who is still living, and the account of the authorship is her own and cannot be disputed. The incident occurred in one of the schools in the town of Sterling. Mary Sawyer, now Mrs. Tyler, was a pupil of the school and was the owner of the lamb. This is known to be a fact. The lamb followed her to school; this also is well known to be true. A youth of sixteen or seventeen years by chance happened in that afternoon and was witness to the whole thing; this, too, cannot be called in question. The next day this youth, John Roulstone, who was a student fitting for college and boarding with the clergyman of the town, to whom he was related, left the lines in his own handwriting at the door of Miss Sawyer's residence. This was in 1815 or 1817. This is all subscribed to by a gentleman whose father was the minister of Sterling at the time. It will be a surprise to many to know that Mrs. Tyler is still alive.

Talking about ancestors do you want to know who really came over in the Mayflower? There is popular impression that this vessel carried about ten thousand people, and an equal number of pianos and chairs. The fact is there were exactly 120 people who landed at Cape Cod Harbor, December 11, 1620. These are their names and the number in each family:

Jno. Carver, 8	Jno. Turner, 3
Wm. Bradford, 2	Frs. Eaton, 3
Ed. Winslow, 5	Jas. Chilton, 3
Wm. Brewster, 6	Jno. Crackston, 2
Isaac Allerton, 6	Jno. Billington, 4
Capt. Miles Standish, 2	Moses Fletcher, 1
Jno. Alden, 1	Jno. Goodman, 1
Sam. Fuller, 2	Degory Priest, 1
Chr. Martin, 4	Thos. Williams, 1
Wm. Mullins, 5	Gilbert Winslow, 1
Wm. White, 5	Ed. Margeson, 1
Rd. Warren, 1	Peter Brown, 1
Jno. Howland, *	R. Britteridge, 1
Stephen Hopkins, 8	Geo. Soule, *
Ed. Tilly, 4	Rd. Clarke, 1
J. Tilley, 3	Rd. Gardner, 1
Frs. Cook, 2	Jno. Allerton, 1
Thos. Rogers, 2	Thos. English, 1
Thos. Tinker, 3	Ed. Dotey, †
Jno. Rigdale, 2	Ed. Leister, *
E. Fuller, 3	

*Howland was of Governor Carver's family; Soule of Governor Winslow's. †Dotey and Leister were Mr. Hopkins' servants.

A German specialist asserts that Patti has two extra valves in her windpipe, and of course the incorrigible punster rises to remark that she may be considered a kind of bi-valve, a veritable oyster Patti.

'Varsity Chat.

Last week's *'Varsity* contained a sonnet by E. H. Stafford, a gentleman not unknown in the world of letters, now an undergraduate in medicine. Let us hope this is an indication of the long-desired fusion amongst all classes of undergraduates.

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The Meds. visit us twice a year—at the games and at elections. The physical laboratory now in course of erection will draw them this way, and Senator Macdonald's new hospital will also prove a great card, but at present we do not see our brethren of the knife as frequently as we might wish, and besides they made no proposal for a union dinner this year. How is it?

•

A well-known gentleman who signs himself Gwyn Araun, (which in despair of doing better we pronounce Goin' Aroun'), writes to the *'Varsity* making pathetic reference to the management of the library. This is not the library of Alexandria though it might as well be and the authorities are not mummies. When will gentlemen cease taking up valuable space with hopeless suggestions?

•

On Wednesday, February 6, at 4 p.m., was held the weekly meeting of the Political Science Association. Mr. J. B. Peat, '90, read a paper on the Malthusian Doctrine of Population. Comment was offered by Messrs. L. Boyd and Hutchison.

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Although criticism after the vote has been taken is more or less *ex post facto* it may, nevertheless, serve to prevent the perpetration of similar absurdities in future if attention is called to the action of the second year in electing as class poet a gentleman who, I understand, never wrote a line in his life. No doubt it was intended as a joke but jokes of the boomerang order move us with a feeling closely allied to vigorous contempt. And this is not saying it is anything to a man's discredit not to be born a poet.

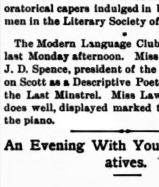
•

This nonsense is the natural result of the oratorical capers indulged in by certain gentlemen in the Literary Society of late.

•

The Modern Language Club discussed Scott last Monday afternoon. Miss Robson and Mr. J. D. Spence, president of the club, read essays on Scott as a Descriptive Poet and The Lay of the Last Minstrel. Miss Lawlor, who always does well, displayed marked technical skill at the piano. NEMO.

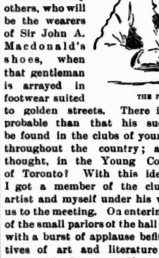
An Evening With Young Conservatives.



ONDAY evening, when the snowflakes were falling thick and fast and taking an occasional frolic inside the collar of the unsheltered pedestrian, three individuals might have been seen "glinting" cheerily forth amid the storm, toiling along Queen street until they turned into the arched doorway which marks the entrance of Shaftesbury Hall. These three persons were the lightning artist of SATURDAY NIGHT, a member of the Young Conservative Club of Toronto, and the undersigned. It has long been a source of curious inquiry with me, as it has been with many others, who will be the wearers of Sir John A. Macdonald's shoes, when that gentleman is arrayed in footwear suited to golden streets. There is nothing more probable than that his successors are to be found in the clubs of young Conservatives throughout the country; and why not, I thought, in the Young Conservative Club of Toronto? With this idea in my mind I got a member of the club to take the artist and myself under his wing and convoy us to the meeting. On entering the door of one of the small parlors of the hall we were received with a burst of applause befitting representatives of art and literature combined in a journal like SATURDAY NIGHT.

THE PRESIDENT.

When I got the snow brushed off my long and delicately curling eyelashes and could take a survey of the meeting. I confess I was rather surprised at the smallness of the crowd, which numbered about forty-five. Was this handful the Young Men's Conservative Club of a great city? When I used to harangue the natives out in the school house of section number five, on the twelfth concession of Mullein township, we considered the meeting pretty slow if we hadn't a more crowded audience than I saw at the Conservative Club on Monday night. One of the young men remarked, in his effort, that this club was looked up to as a leader by the clubs in smaller towns. That is true, but I very much doubt if some of those smaller towns do not make a stronger muster on club nights than we do here, as I was told that the attendance Monday evening was rather above the average. It is strange that in this big place, with its 175,000 inhabitants—most of them Conservatives, represented by Tory members in both legislatures—with the minority freak as an exception—there should be such a manifest lack of interest among the young members of the party.



THE PREMIER.

The members present were a handsome lot of fellows—dare I say more—with intellectual-looking heads and rhetorical tendencies, and the president, Mr. J. A. Worrell, sat smiling behind the table at the head of the room. The members sat in chairs ranged down the sides of the chamber in parliament fashion, and filled the room with an air of statesmanship quite overpowering.

LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION.

While the regular business of the club was being transacted, the artist had whittled his pencil, got out his little blue-covered book, focussed his gleaming eye on the president's purely Grecian nose, and with a few sweeping strokes "had him." The proceedings took the form of a parliament. The house was opened without prayer or the roar of cannon, etc., etc., and Governor-General Worrell read the speech from the throne, unaided by a cocked hat.

The adoption of the address was moved by the member for Muskoka, Mr. Body, and seconded by the member for Stratford, Mr. Dewdney. The leader of the Opposition, Mr. J. C. Hopkins of the Imperial Bank, then tore the Government's policy all to pieces in the most orthodox fashion. What was good in it he claimed, with an almost legal tendency to claim everything in sight, had been stolen from him and his colleagues. This gentleman is slim, but impressive, with a fair mustache and a high forehead. When the artist was crystallizing his features, I noticed him cast a half defiant glance out of the corner of his eye as much as to say "Get on to that smile, will you?"

The premier, Mr. P. H. Bartlett, next spoke, "and scorn was in his eye" as you may perceive. He was as fluent as an auctioneer, and his speech had the confident ring of the man who is in power and expects to stay there. Every point was nailed with a hammer-like slap of the hands, and begun by an appeal to "Mr. Speaker." I told the artist to take the face of Mr. W. D. MacPherson, when he addressed the house. There was something Sir John-like about it, which seemed to me to be prophetic, especially when he spoke in such a skilful and diplomatic style, leading one to suspect his facts and hunt for the mental reservation.

W. D. MACPHERSON

After listening to the bland, persuasive tones of Mr. Albert Edward Grier, I took my departure, regretting only that I had not been able to turn the artist loose on Mr. W. J. Nelson, a prominent figure in this club, but who was absent from the meeting on the evening of our visit—he could not have known that we were coming. VAN.

Art and Artists.

Mr. Hamilton MacCarthy and some other gentlemen interested in art have conceived the idea that it would be to the advantage of the artists of Toronto to establish an artists' corps of volunteers similar in character to the artists' corps in London, England. On Friday evening of last week, Mr. MacCarthy unfolded the scheme to the Art Students' League. He proposes to include not only followers of the graphic arts, but all those connected in any way with the fine arts, such as musicians, literary men, etc. Speeches were made in favor of the scheme by Mr. J. W. Bengough, Mr. J. W. L. Forster and Mr. J. S. Murray.

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At the monthly business meeting of the Art Students' League, a discussion took place on Mr. MacCarthy's idea. A resolution was passed to the effect that the league considered it beyond its power as a body to support or condemn the idea, and that it could not prejudice the choice of its individual members in the matter. Recitations and readings were given by Messrs. Jones, Gibson and Thompson.

Curling Match at Montreal in 1855.

An Interview with Boulanger.

A correspondent of an English paper says: This morning I set out to cross the Champs Elysees on the chance of finding General Boulanger at home. A number of other people, bent on the same errand, were converging towards the Rue Dumont d'Urville. There was not much fear of his being from home. He hardly ever goes out now. One side of the road was lined with carriages for some hundred yards before I reached No. 11. More carriages, with the horses' heads towards you this time, extended for some hundred yards beyond. A stream of foot-passengers, singly or in groups, splashes its way along the slippery pavement. A ring at the electric bell, the door flies open the same moment, and we hurry into shelter. No one is refused admission. The order to that effect is imperative and admits of no exception.

"Is monsieur le general at home?"

"Certainly, sir. Please walk in."

"Can I see him?"

"Ah!—perhaps—if monsieur would not mind waiting. Possibly monsieur has an appointment?"

"No. The general knows me, and I represent a journal."

"I will see that he gets your card. Please walk upstairs."

Everyone is treated with equal civility. Some of the humbler citizens, for sheepishness, refuse to go into the antechamber on the floor above, and stand huddled against the panels of the hall, fumbling their dripping hats. It was as well they did, for we were crowded enough upstairs. The general's rule during this campaign is to make no distinction of persons; even old acquaintances must submit. I could see that my turn for an interview was a long way off—two hours off, it proved to be—so I composed myself on a comfortable settee, and took stock of things, as a means of killing time. Who are the besiegers? All sorts and conditions of men. They wore tall hats and round hats and "casquettes" and "kepis," which covered the thinking part of Parisians, provincials, workmen and soldiers respectively. There was also a perceptible sprinkling of bonnets, from which you will rightly argue that ladies figure among the general's admirers. I observed several young ladies, and others not quite so young, married ladies, and ladies unmarried, or at any rate single for the afternoon. The company was mostly silent, each unit reflecting perhaps on what sort of a little speech he or she should make by and by. One after one they rose at the summons of a Tunisian darkie, a chocolate-colored imp in buttons, and followed him upstairs. But others quickly filled their places. Suddenly, a babel of voices and a deputation of some twenty bourgeois descend the stairs, talking to one another in animated tones, and bright all over with smiles. It is like when the gates of a factory unbar of a Saturday morning, and the workpeople throng out with their week's wages jingling in their pockets. Against the window stands out conspicuously a tall and gaudy cage, probably the gift of some admirer, as it sports a top-knot of twisted ribbon, half cream and half carnation—the pink being the general's favorite flower. This beautiful prison is brightly painted and lavishly gilt. The prisoners are two little love birds. For the moment they are perched at opposite sides of the cage with their backs to one another: we all hope it is only for the moment. The room is handsomely furnished. Squares of tapestry adorn the walls, backed against red velvet. A green drugget protects the carpet. On the chimney-piece two vases hold superb bouquets of dark carnations, freshly cut. Two side tables groan beneath heaps of illustrated journals, including *Graphics*, *Figaros* and *Illustrated London News*, and Plon's latest albums of sketches and caricatures, some of them representing the brav' gen'ral himself.

At last! Numbers have gone away tired out. But my patience is rewarded. The imp's brassy and brazen face appears, and his cocoa-colored finger beckons. (The little monster is only thirteen, and as imperturbable as a statue.) I mount to the general's cabinet—a large, dimly-lit, thick carpeted, oblong room. The general advances and shakes hands.

"Will you give me a few statistics?"

"With pleasure. I grant interviews personally to about 280 persons a day. This morning alone I spoke to 142. That is without counting the delegations which set foot in this room. They number from 800 to 1,000 persons a day. I see them in groups of about fifty at a time."

"But, general, that leaves you no time for outdoor exercise."

"I don't stir from here; I do without eating and without sleeping. I haven't even a moment to look at what the papers say of me."

Any one could see there was small exaggeration in this. His frame stooped, for all his efforts to keep erect, his voice was husky and tired. He had the jaded yet excited look you might expect to see in the face of a future senior wrangler in the middle of his tripos. It must be said that the general works like a horse. In England his pluck would carry the day, if the sporting feeling were the prominent one in politics.

Curling Match at Montreal.

In striking contrast with the city of Montreal of the present day, and the gay scenes which it witnesses this week, is our picture of a curling match on the St. Lawrence at that city in the year 1855. There are many Scotchmen in Montreal, and the "roaring game" is as popular now as it was then. But the Montrealers do not stop at such simple amusements now. Nothing short of a glittering ice palace and all the pomp and circumstance of great street parades, by day and by night, can now satisfy this ambitious people. These things attract visitors from all over America, and even from countries more distant, and there is no doubt that the Montreal citizen, whether canny Scot or some other nationality, takes advantage of this great pageant to put money in his purse.

Wanted to Strike the Company.

Granger—Mornin', stranger. Hain't seed nothin' uv er ole sorrel mewl down ther road nowhar?

Stranger—Yes, I saw one lying by the railroad track just back here where a train had knocked him off.

"Wuz he dead?"

"Yes."

"Wal, there! I'll bet anything it's my mewl an' he wus wuth a hundred dollars clean cash. I wouldn't a tuck a hundred for 'im."

"Fine animal, I suppose."

"Fine! Why, stranger, they hadn't another sich er critter in this section. Come ter think ar it, I wouldn't er let 'im go fer two hundred dollars."

"I suppose the railroad company will pay you for him."

"Yas, I s'pose so, an' I won't accept er cent less'n er hundred an' fifty dollars, an' that's a heap 'ess'n he's wuth. He wus er animal—say, I'm bunged ef thar don't come my ole mewl, now!"

"Yes. It must have been another mule that I saw. Well, I'm glad you are so fortunate as not to lose him."

"Look a here, stranger, wouldn't yer like to buy that critter?"

"Not at your price."

"What d'yer think he's wuth, then?"

"I don't know. Probably five dollars."

"He's wuth six, but if yer want 'im at five jist take 'im erlong."

"No, I believe not."

"Wal, I'll jest hev ter keep 'im an' take there chances o' gettin' 'im killed by ther railroad, though the dinged fool hain't got sense enuff to git on ther track when a train is in a mile ov him. Been waiting ten year now for him to get kilt, and the fust thing I know he will up and die a natural death and beat me outten two hundred dollars."

An Enthusiastic Employer.

"Well, William," said Mr. Hardhead to his new confidential clerk, "you are now in a first-class position at a good salary. I shall expect you to be faithful and diligent; in fact, to make all my interests your own. It won't be necessary, however, for you to make love to the type-writer. I'll attend to her myself."

His Intimation.

Judge—Did you have any suspicion that the prisoner was going to stab you? Witness—Yes, your honor. As soon as I heard he was a Hebrew I thought he would stick me.

WITCH HAZEL;

Or, THE SECRET OF THE LOCKET.

By MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON,

Author of "Geoffrey's Victory," "Brownie's Triumph," "The Forsaken Bride," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

HELENA RECEIVES AN UNEXPECTED CALL.

Percy Morton had but just gone when Mrs. Stewart, Bell and Marie reached the duchess' villa. He returned directly to Sir Henry Harwood's residence, where he found Tom Lawson waiting to deliver Charlie Harwood's note and to explain what had caused the young man's sudden departure.

Percy was greatly surprised and a little inclined to be angry that Charlie should have been so excited, in his weak state, by the wonderful story which the sailor had related to him.

And yet it might be all for the best, he thought, for he could well understand how his suspicions of the truth having been once aroused, it would be impossible for him to know a restful moment until everything had been clearly explained.

He was very anxious about him, however, and he resolved to follow him to London; so, securely locking up the boat and generously remunerating the sailor for his services, he took a later train and reached the city only a couple of hours after the arrival of his friend.

Meantime, while the wonderful developments of the day were being discussed in the home of Sir Henry Harwood and at the residence of the duchess, an entirely different, though no less exciting, interview was occurring at Crescent Villa.

After the departure of Mrs. Stewart with Bella and Marie, Helena, having awakened and feeling greatly refreshed by her long nap, made an exquisite toilet, and then went out upon the veranda to await the arrival of callers, who seldom failed to flock to the home of the beauty and belle to pass a pleasant evening.

But, for some reason, Crescent Villa seemed to be deserted that night.

The sun sank to rest behind a broad expanse of the sea, twilight gradually deepened into evening, and the girl sat there alone, only her own thoughts for company, a feeling of gloom and depression settling upon her heart, and an angry restlessness and impatience taking possession of her.

Presently she heard the door-bell ring, and an expression of intense relief escaped her.

Then came the sound of some one making inquiries of the servant, who went to answer it, and soon the girl came to her, bending a curtsy and saying that a gentleman was in the parlor awaiting her.

It was so dark upon the veranda that Helena could not read the name upon the card, and she turned to pass into the hall where the gas was burning; but before she reached the door the bit of pasteboard slipped from her finger and fell between the cracks of the piazza roof, and so was lost.

"How provoking!" she exclaimed, with a frown, but the card was irretrievably gone, and she was obliged to go in to receive her visitor without knowing who he was.

A tall, finely formed man arose to greet her as she entered, whereupon she gave a little cry, and threw up her hands in a gesture of angry dismay.

"You!—you promised me that you would not seek me again!" she said, passionately.

"I know, but I could not keep away, Helena," was the sad reply. "I sent word by Belle that I should call. Did she not tell you?"

"Belle! Have you seen her?" asked Helena, losing color.

"Yes," returned Mr. Osborn, for it was he. "I had quite a nice little chat with her this morning on the rocks. Your sister is more tenacious of old friendships than yourself, Helena," he added, bitterly.

"Belle is a goose!" Helena retorted, hotly, as she threw herself impatiently into a chair. "I suppose you had to tell her that you had already seen me."

"I told her nothing that need trouble you except that I would call, as she kindly invited me to do."

"She must have been surprised to meet you here in Brighton," sneered the beauty, though she noticed, for the first time, how handsome he looked and how faultlessly he was attired.

"Why so?" he asked.

"Brighton is a somewhat expensive place for impecunious clerks to frequent."

"True," was the brief but quiet reply, while his eyes rested upon her with wistful sorrow.

"Chester Osborn, why will you not let me alone?" Helena broke out, angrily. "I will not be hunted down like a criminal—I will not endure this intolerable persecution! Why will you not go your way and let me go mine?"

"Simply because I cannot, Helena," he answered, in a voice full of pain, "even though I know you are shallow, vain and selfish, and unworthy the love of a true, honest heart; although I know you would ruthlessly crush me or anyone else who stood in your path, to have tried to tear your image from my heart but I cannot. I tell you it is my fate, I suppose, to love you even better than I love myself, and I am powerless to contend against it. I know that I promised, when I last saw you, that I would not trouble you again so long as you remained single—that I would make no appeal to you. But, call it foolish weakness, accuse me of a lack of strength of character if you will—I could not abide by that promise. Why but assertion made in a moment of wounded affection and in anger. I love you so entirely that I feel my life utterly wrecked without you. The hold you have upon me must be strong, indeed, to make me humble myself thus to you—to make me willing to live long years with you in spite of your heartlessness—to be willing to doom myself to the constant torture of your indifference and scorn. Helena, is there nothing that I can do to win you?"

"You might have done so, years ago, if you could have afforded the luxury of an extravagant wife," the girl responded, with mocking frankness.

A spasm of pain contracted his brow.

"I am sorry you did not see Bella before I came," the young man returned, as quietly as before, though his voice trembled from the keen thrust that she had given him. "for she would have told you what I have shrunk from telling, fearing that it might seem like a bribe, that I can now afford almost any luxury a reasonable man may desire."

At this information Helena turned upon him a look of genuine astonishment, not unmixed with interest.

"How can that be possible?" she said.

"It will avail me nothing to explain how," he returned, coldly; "the fact remains, however, and I can match the Stewart millions, dollar for dollar, Helena, if nothing else can tempt you, will my money win you? When I came into my uncle's property I thought of you, and I threw up everything else and came directly abroad, feeling so hopeful—so eager to find you. I fondly believed that, in your heart, you still loved me. I said I would surprise you—I would come upon you unawares, and you would betray yourself in the first moment of meeting me. Vain hope! You know how you received me that day at Osterly Park, you remember the excessive anger and passion which you exhibited, because I, a poor man, should still presume to have any claim upon you, and which so nearly resulted fatally for you. I was crushed and disheartened and nearly ill for several weeks; then I said I would try you once more, and I came hither to find you. Again you repulsed me. I longed to tell you of the change in my fortunes, thinking perhaps if the barrier of poverty was removed I might win you; but to a proud and sensitive man, such an alternative is, to say the least, humiliating, and I could not stoop to the pur chase of my wife. I left you that night, mortified, angry, desperate, vowing that I would make you pay the penalty of your heartlessness. But my deep love for you reasserted itself, and my anger soon cooled. And now, once more, in spite of all that has gone before, I have come to plead my cause. I can now again take my place among the most distinguished suitors that seek your hand. I cannot give you a title, it is true, but I can give you a true, honest heart in place of it—a heart that has been faithful to you for long years, that has never wavered in its allegiance to you despite of the many discouragements it has had to contend with and I can enable you to take any position you may choose in the social world. I feel that it is beneath my man to plead thus for the woman of his choice. Under other circumstances I should consider it an insult to her; but I love you so entirely, while at the same time I long to save you from committing a great wrong by deceiving others, that I am willing even to beg you to come to me simply for the comforts and elegancies which I can give you. Will you, Helena?"

She arose and stood before him, white and cold as any statue.

"No!" she cried, in a voice of scorn, her eyes blazing with passion; "do you imagine that you can either coax or frighten me into submission to your demands? You must know me, and you have yet to learn that that girlish fancy was but a passing fancy, which died almost as soon as it was born—as soon as it felt itself fettered. Let me tell you, you never dreamed Low much I am capable of; you say I am vain, shallow, ambitious; you imagine that I am incapable of deep and true affection; you think I can be won by gold. Perhaps I might, under certain circumstances; you might have won in this game if you had waited—if some little before the ocean separated us; possibly you might have won, even now, if the world was a blank to me, and there was no one else of my winning the love that I covet; for, let me tell you, have, at last, learned what love means; let me tell you that I, Helena Stewart, reared in luxury from my earliest infancy, would not tonight—this hour even—one who is absolutely poor in this world's goods; that I would give him myself and all I have in return for the affection of his royal heart, and nothing else. Now are you answered, Chester Osborn?"

He turned upon her a face as colorless as her own; a dull despair clouded the light in his eyes, the muscles of his face twitched, his broad chest heaved with great throbs of agony.

"And you dare to say this to me!" he said, in a low, hoarse voice.

"You have driven me to it!" she retorted, still more passionately; "you have driven me to a confession that I would have died before making if not any one else; but there was no other way to silence you, to free myself from your persecutions."

He staggered back and leaned against the mantel.

"You imagine yourself free, do you?" he whispered, his voice actually failing him under the strain of his emotion.

"I will be free!" she cried, with white lips.

"You say you love a poor man! then the report of your engagement to Lord Hartwell is not true," he continued, said apparently unmindful of her excited declaration.

"No, it is not true. Could you not believe me? I have told you before that I should never marry him."

"Then it must be—"

"Yes, it is Percy Morton," Helena unblushingly confessed, before he could complete the sentence, and meeting his glance with an air of defiance.

"He is a good man," Chester Osborn returned, in a hollow tone; "God grant him a better fate than that a woman like you should ever become his wife. But, Helena Stewart, you will never marry him; I have warned you."

She laughed aloud, mockingly.

"You think you can defy me," he went on, gloomily, "but even Heaven will aid me to prevent a threat, made that night in the summer house, do you imagine that he would marry you if he knew? And I would tell him even at the very altar."

Helena moved a step nearer to him, her white face as inflexible as a mask of iron.

"If you betray me, Chester Osborn, I swear—"

The remainder of the sentence was uttered in a whisper, but it served to blanch the face of her listener, and make him shiver as in mortal dread.

The next moment the servant announced "Mr. Sargent," and Helena turned to find herself face to face with the detective whom her mother had employed to search for the missing necklace.

Mr. Osborn took his leave almost immediately, and hurried away, wondering who he had met a stranger, but his dejected manner and white face, as he left the room, did not escape the keen eyes of the detective, who drew his own inference from his appearance. He believed him a rejected suitor.

"I regret to be obliged to tell you, Mr. Sargent, that matters have taken a serious turn," Helena remarked to the new-comer, supposing, of course, that the officer's call was intended for Mrs. Stewart.

"I am very glad to hear it, Miss Stewart," he replied, blandly, and with the utmost self-possession. "It is all the better for my purpose, since my visit was intended exclusively for your self."

"Indeed! To what am I indebted for such an honor?" Helena inquired, a light smile of amusement curling her beautiful lips, her sentence pointed with a suspicion of scorn.

The detective was quick to note it, and his nostrils dilated a trifle, though by no other sign did he betray that he felt the sting of her sarcasm.

"You flatter me," he returned, as blandly as before and with a polite bow, "but I had no intention of conferring any 'honor.' I simply wanted to have a little private talk with you about that missing necklace. I really feel interested to have it found, for Mrs. Stewart's sake as well as to establish, still more firmly, my own reputation as a skilled detective, and I fully intend to devote myself exclusively to its discovery."

"Well, really, Mr. Sargent, you have come to a very poor source for any suggestions regarding the matter," said Helena, composedly, "and I am surprised that your chiefs have not thought it necessary to interview me upon the subject. If I had had anything to offer, I should probably have made my communication before this."

"Exactly; I inferred as much, therefore I concluded that a little social chat might start up your ideas somewhat, and maybe you would have something to offer upon second thought," the man concluded, in his most insinuating tone, while he regarded her with a look of unmistakable admiration.

Helena shot a quick, keen glance at him.

"I have not, and I do not know that I care to discuss the question further at this late day," she said, coldly, and with a shrug of her shapely shoulders. "If you, with your superior acuteness and knowledge of your profession, have failed to trace the necklace, it seems worse than folly to ask a novice like myself where or how to find it."

"But you are a trifle premature, Miss Stewart, in assuming that I have failed to trace the necklace," was the affable rejoinder, "for I have a trace of it!"

Helena was all on the alert now.

"Is it possible!" she exclaimed, animatedly. "How delighted mamma will be! Do tell me why you think is the thief."

The detective sat back in his chair and regarded her for a moment with a smile of intense enjoyment.

"I have a theory—it may be all moonshine, you know, but perhaps you'd like to know what it is, and I will kindly give me your opinion of it afterward—and it is this," the man said, his glance never for an instant leaving her face. "Suppose, for instance, that someone else, besides your sister—had conceived a grudge against Miss Gay, or Miss Graham, as she is now known, and was bent upon doing her an injury. She is remarkably pretty, you know, and attracts a great deal of attention and admiration; even a lord is so enamored of her that he turns back some more eligible parties, not to mention a certain handsome doctor and lawyer. Well, suppose this person is desirous of getting her dangerous rival out of her sweetheart's sight, discovers, by some means—we will not enter too minutely into detail—that Miss Graham possesses a piece of jewelry in the one belonging to her sister, Helena. It wouldn't be such a very difficult matter for this person, who, of course, is supposed to be perfectly familiar with the interior of Crescent Villa, to spirit away Mrs. Stewart's necklace, thus suggesting a bold theft. Then, in the nature of things, a search must follow; Miss Graham's necklace must be found, and she will have no power to prove her innocence in the face of such overwhelming evidence against her. Consequently, she is arrested and tried, and it is safe to assume that she will be a dangerous rival no longer.

"I perceive that you catch my idea, Miss Stewart," the detective continued, as Helena sat perfectly motionless, her eyes fastened, as if in horrible fascination, upon him, "and I will only say in conclusion that I propose to act upon these suppositions, and hunt for that necklace until I find it."

There was a moment of utter silence; then Helena drew her fine form haughtily erect.

"Do I understand you to insinuate that my sister could be guilty of such an act as you describe?" she demanded, with an air of indignation that became her well.

The detective chuckled softly.

"Oh, far be from me, far be it from me to accuse any one without absolute proof," he said, soothingly. "I merely used her to illustrate what might occur, you know; for it is quite evident that no one would hint at the freedom of the house could have possibly got away with that valuable piece of jewelry. I expect, however, that it will be found. I intend to lay my hand on the thief just one week's respite, and if the stolen property has not been returned to its owner at that time, I shall feel free to come forward to clap my paw"—with a significant gesture of said member—"upon it. I wouldn't like to make an unpleasant sensation, you know; I'm only paid for results, for the silent guidance and—to pocket the little reward offered for its recovery. You comprehend?"

He arose as he concluded, remarking that the evening was somewhat oppressive, and he would not prolong his call; then wishing Helena a courteous "good night," he passed out, leaving her sitting white and motionless, and looking as if she had been suddenly turned to stone.

CHAPTER XII.

MRS. STEWART'S FAREWELL RECEPTION TO BRIGHTON.

When Mrs. Stewart, with her two companions, arrived at the residence of the duchess, she found her seated in the drawing-room with her guests.

Mrs. Earlescourt was just considering the subject of her return to London on the late train, for she expected her husband home from Edinburgh that night and did not like to be away when he should arrive.

Her grace was very loth to part with Hazel and yet she knew, of course, that her mother would wish her to return to her own home. Hazel herself favored the proposal, and felt even anxious to go, as it would not be pleasant for her to remain where Lord Nelson's sad face would continually haunt her, while she felt sure that he would recover himself much more quickly if she were out of the way.

The duchess looked up, surprised, as Mrs. Stewart entered, particularly as she came in unannounced, and greeted no one, but walked directly to Mrs. Earlescourt, whom she seized by the hand, and then overcomed by her emotion, sank upon the sofa beside her, and gave way to nervous weeping.

Every one, save Marie and Belle, regarded her with undisguised astonishment, for they had never before seen the stately woman of the world lose her self-possession.

They all thought she had been far from kind to Hazel, and that a little true repentance would do her no harm, but they had nor looked for any such manifestation of feeling as this.

Marie, however, straightened matters somewhat by going to her mother and saying, in her gentle, direct way:

"Mamma, Mrs. Stewart wishes to talk to you about something that occurred at the time of the Chicago fire; she thinks that I may be her daughter."

Mrs. Earlescourt started up, a look of anxiety, almost of fear, on her face.

"Dear! dear! I am sure I could not have understood you aright" she said, glancing from one to the other in doubt and perplexity.

"Yes, mamma; she lost a little girl about your age at that time," Marie pursued; "her name was May, and she is sure that I am that child."

"Oh, Mrs. Earlescourt, how much I owe you, and what a poor return I have made in my treatment of Hazel! Child!" turning to the young girl, who was sitting near her mother, "can you ever forgive me for my hard heartedness and lack of sympathy!"

"Dear Mrs. Stewart, pray do not let it trouble you so much," Hazel pleaded, rising and going to her. "I do not see how you could have prevented matters taking just the course they did, and I certain may live with an accusing heart if I do. Of course I am very glad to have my innocence established, but, truly, I am as sorry for your sake to have you lose your beautiful necklace."

"You are a lovely little Christian!" cried Mrs. Stewart, embracing her; "but you will understand at my self-condemnation when I have told you my story and you learn how much I owe your mother."

She then related to her wondering audience what we already know.

"This is truly marvelous!" Mrs. Earlescourt said, when Mrs. Stewart was through; "and I assure as if there can be no doubt about Marie being your child. It can be readily proven, however, for I have the clothing that she wore when I found her, and also a little trinket that I took from her finger when it began to be too tight for it. Here it is!"

She drew a chain from her watch chain a tiny circlet of gold, which she passed to Mrs. Stewart.

"Yes, it proves it beyond the shadow of a doubt; for here are the initials, 'F. to M.,' and the date '1871.' Her little cousin, Fannie Appleton, presented the ring to her on her birthday," said Mrs. Stewart, with tear-dimmed eyes. "Oh, Mrs Earlescourt," she added, turning again to her, "you have been a mother to my child, and a much better mother than I am, or could have been to her, that, in view of what has recently occurred, I am bewildered, unnerved, humiliated."

She certainly appeared so, and every heart sympathized with her.

Mrs. Earlescourt here turned to the duchess, saying:

"If your grace will not repent of your proffered hospitality, I believe, sister all, I shall be glad to accept it. There is so much that I would like to talk over with Mrs. Stewart, I think I will not return to London to-night."

"I am delighted, my dear Emelie," her grace responded, heartily. "I am only too glad to keep you as long as you will remain."

"Then, with your kind permission, I will telegraph to my husband to join us here."

This proposal also was cordially seconded, and a message was at once sent to London asking Mr. Earlescourt to come to Brighton on the morrow, and bring with him the small package containing the clothing which Marie had worn on the night of her rescue from the Chicago fire.

The remainder of the day and evening was spent by Mrs. Earlescourt and Mrs. Stewart in talking over the eventful past in the most friendly manner, while the three young ladies, Hazel, Marie and Belle, gave themselves up to the enjoyment of being once more together, when the unusually busy hours in planning for the future, when they should all meet again in London.

Belle was in an almost ecstatic state to have Hazel cleared of every foul suspicion, and this, added to the fact that Marie Earlescourt, whom she always revered and looked upon as above mortal criticism, was her own sister, made her almost too much of joy for one heart to contain.

"Mrs. Stewart," Mrs. Earlescourt remarked, gravely, when that lady at last arose to return to Crescent Villa, "I fear you will think that I am very selfish, but I do not feel as if I could ever part with Marie. People would naturally think that the tie of blood should be regarded the strongest, and so it should, under ordinary circumstances; but I cannot forget that in this instance," and the beautiful woman bent a look of infinite tenderness upon the adopted daughter, "

"I do not feel that it would be right to ask you to give her up," Mrs. Stewart responded, tearfully. "Of course you are far more to her than I could ever hope to be, and it would be cruel to both of you to seek to separate you. and yet my heart yearns for my own."

"I know it must, I know it," Mrs. Earlescourt, sadly. "I can realize that now, as I never especulated, in finding my own darling; but Marie, herself, shall decide the question," she concluded, with a glance toward the happy group at the other end of the room.

But Marie shrank from deciding the matter, clinging to her adopted mother when her own mother when it was proposed to her. She wanted to do what was right, she said, but her heart ached at the thought of leaving one who had always been her preference to going among comparative strangers.

Mr Earlescourt, however, settled it when he arrived.

"Of course they could not give up Marie after all these years," he said. "She should be free to make her own choice, and spend her time as she chose with Mrs. Stewart, but her home must still be with them. Mrs. Stewart already had two daughters, and it would only make things more difficult for Lord Marie."

The Earlescourts remained the guests of the duchess for several days, while Hazel and Marie were invited to spend a portion of the time with Mrs Stewart.

When Helena was informed of the discovery regarding Marie, she received the news in an etiquette manner, displaying no surprise, emotion for her, no joy that the lost one had been restored to them.

Toward Hazel she manifested an almost open hostility, and would give no mention of the pleasures which Mrs. Stewart planned for the entertainment of the young people.

She remained at home by herself, shut up in her own room most of the time, behavior which made her mother very indignant; but neither arguments nor the exercise of her authority had any influence upon her; and she finally was forced to leave her to her own devices.

She could not seem to do enough to atone to Hazel for the cruelty and lack of sympathy which had exhibited at the time of her trouble, and she conceived a fondness for the girl, during this visit, which she would not have believed possible a week previous.

(To be Continued.)

The Raffle of Callaghan's Pig.

Tim Callaghan, faith, was the broth of a boy,
As sure as you'd find in the town of Fermoy,
No Englishman born, faith, was I or his equal,
It's the truth that I'm speaking you'll find in the sequel.

There wasn't a man that had liking for Tim,
The very mention of his name made them skim.
He was up to all sport if you tipped him a wink,
And the principal pars of his victuals was drink.

As long as the world would revolve on its axis,
He never gave rent and he'd never pay taxes;
But his friends, male and female, had many re-reis,
For not less than three halves of his money was debts.

And his creditors they were a perfect disgrace,
They were busting poor Tim in the place.
There was only one way left th ir vision to baffle,
That's to set up the family pig for a raffle.

Now, the family pig was a wonther, they swear,
Sure, he had ears and a tail and a beautiful hair;
And he kept himself thin, and he wasn't mistaken
For, I'd have you to know, he despised to be bacon.

And, of course, now, it went to Tim Callaghan's heart,
To part with the pig, sadly, it need not be said;
But the pig and he thought it was all for the best—
Got the money all right and take chance for the rest.

When the news it went out, faith, the boys they got wicked,
And they sent Tim a thousand tickets—numbers a ticket,
And Magrath sould his watch and Ned Murpy his wig,
To buy themselves chances for Callaghan's pig.

Thin the peelers, the soldiers, the clerk of the Crown,
They were busting poor Tim in the place.
And the best shorthand writer, begorra, 'twould baffle
To write down the curses at Callaghan's raffle.

But the anger and passion it flashed from our eyes
Was as nothing to spread had taken the pipe,
When Tim he shouts, "begeesus, you think you're sly big,
You have captured the prize, go and capture the pig."

Thin the pig he walks out, and the bystanders trace
The pig's familiar footprint in the dust of the place
For the ring in its snout it was lifted on high,
And revenge on the Saxon shone out of his eye.

Thin he just made one rush, with a blow of his snout
He knocked down a dozen of the unfortunate ticket,
Thin he leveled three privates and ripped up their clothes,
And their bayonets went straight through the Corporal's nose.

Then the soldiers they gathered and formed hollow squares,
And broke into sections and charged here and there;
But the boys of Ballyhooley, they cudgeled their cudgels and roared,
They found that the pig, faith, had made his escape.

Though they searched all the country right down to the bay,
The pig they have not seen agin since that day.
But, faith, I'm thinking, he's safe in Mexico;
He knew pretty well where the pig emigrated.

They may talk of the man who are England detyin',
Or Dillon, O'Connor and Saunthon O'Brien,
But the honor of Ireland rests on one boy;
It is Malin by the snout of Tim Callaghan's pig.

Mr Gladstone's Message to Mr. Edison.

Mr. Edison has received from Colonel Gouraud the following message from Mr. Gladstone, including the Duke of Cambridge, Mr. Gladstone, the Speaker of the House of Commons, and the Lord Chancellor of the Lord Mayor of London. Mr. Gladstone addressed Mr. Edison through the instrument as follows:

"Dear Mr. Edison,—I am profoundly touched to you for, not the instrument only, but the instruction and the marvels of one of the most remarkable evenings which it has been my privilege to enjoy. The request that you have done me the honor to make—to receive the record of my voice—is one that I cheerfully comply with so far as lies in my power, though I lament to say that the voice which I transmit to you is only the relic of an organ, the employment of which has been overstrained. Yet I offer to you as much as I possess, and so much as old age has left me, with the utmost satisfaction as being at least a testimony to the instruction and delight that I have received from your marvellous invention. As to the future consequences, it is impossible to anticipate them. All I see is that wonders upon wonders are opening before us. Your great country is leading the way in the important work of invention. Heartily do we wish it well; and to you, as one of its greatest celebrities, allow me to offer my hearty good wishes and earnest prayers that you may live long to witness its triumphs in all that appertains to the well-being of mankind.

"WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE."

Mr. Whistler at Home.

Mr. Whistler's house contains, says Mr. Sheridan Ford in a "pen and ink" sketch in *Gaiignani*, four flats, all with studios attached. Mr. Whistler's is two flights up in the third from the ground. It comprises a spacious studio, dining room, and bedroom and ante-chamber, with kitchen and servants' room above. The whole interior is flooded with a wealth of golden color, two tints of pale yellow which blend harmoniously together, and in conjunction with the yellow daughter, lend the effect of summer sunshine. Against this background, blue and white china, ferns, and quaint old mahogany are grouped with a grace that at a glance one feels what a marvellous master of color planned the whole.

Mr. Whistler can be of any age. At all times he has the vivacity and snap of twenty five. He is always on the *qui vive*, buoyant, alert, and brimful of an eager energy. No man living, even had a greater flow of animal spirits. In height he is about five feet five inches, and sparingly built. A square chin and still handsome forehead are crowned with a mass of dark hair, touched with gray, slightly curled, and with one white lock carefully brushed back. In an erect position straight over the centre. A pair of sharp, piercing, yet kindly cutting, deep-set eyes of grey, that throw everything else, even the straight, finely modelled nose, into the background. The quick lips of them completes a sentence. Another flash lays bare the heart of a joke without the need of words. Mr. Whistler's laugh is as celebrated as his white lock.

There is a wealthy dilettante in London whose eccentricities and vagaries of taste have often made Mayfair marvel. His immense wealth, however, causes him to be feared, and, to his face at least, respected. And besides, he gives good dinners. The dilettante in question had long expected a visit from Mr. Whistler, but all efforts to beguile the genial wit to his house had proved unavailing. Finally a mutual acquaintance interviewed, and a day and hour were fixed for the gifted painter to pass judgment on the collection. He kept the appointment, and the sacrilegious treasures brought together with a lavish hand were passed in review before him for critical censure or approval. Not a word escaped him as the show progressed save a solemn "H'm, h'm," that might be taken to mean anything or nothing. His mobile face did not lighten with either smile or frown. The dilettante was non plussed. For the first time in its history his collection had failed to elicit enthusiasm, either assumed or real. When the last object of the last room was reached, and there was no more to see, Mr. Whistler gazed at his host with a look of compass onate censure, and exclaimed gravely, and without a smile or twinkle of the eye: "My dear sir, there's really no excuse for it—no excuse for it at all." Bolting from the door, he secured his hat and cane, his resonant "Hah! hah!" ringing in the ears of the dumbfounded dilettante as he hastened away. The joke leaked out, as Whistler's jokes always do, the dilettante victim having related it to a friend, with the comment that "he couldn't understand Mr. Whistler at all, and that he was really a most incomprehensible person."

Mr. Whistler's connection with, and presidency of, the Royal Society of British Artists in the art world of London, and the fate of the society lasted. It had been unable to secure the sanction of royalty till he took hold of it. Years ago the genial Thackeray satirized it as "a safe and sectarian society." Its assignation with a mistress or to secure absolute freedom from interruption if solitude was desirable." As it was in Thackeray's day so it was down to Mr. Whistler's accession. Under his direction it sprang at once into prominence. Mr. Whistler's quickness of repartee was well illustrated on the occasion of the first visit of the Prince of Wales to the society's private view. His Royal Highness went only because he had received the invitation from the whity president, who was on hand to welcome him at the entrance. "I'm sure," said the Prince, as he passed a number of the paintings on the wall around, "I never heard of this society, Mr. Whistler, till you brought it to my notice. What is its history?" "It has none, your highness," was the quiet rejoinder. "It is history dates from to-day."

On Club Houses.

I devoutly hope the outcome of Edwin Booth's club house will be the abandonment of the club house project in London. Why? Because:

Club houses make things pleasant for the stranger within our gates, afford a deal of satisfaction to men who have the money but wo complish no earthly good. They do not make this world one jot better by their existence.

They are the fertile nurseries of unhappiness, the birthplace of scandals and wrangles, the lostering influence of all bad habits.

Now, anyone who knows me knows I have not got a thread of old Puritanism in my fabric. I'll never be found on a committee to make men go home at ten o'clock. I'm not howling for woman's rights, nor making a fuss about her inequity. But I do enter a protest against using great sums of money to rear houses that will never conduce to the benefit of anyone.

While a man's in love with his wife he stays at home. Her reign is over when his club comes on.

Within the walls of his club-house he hears domestic life sneered at. The man who goes "home" is chaffed. He hears more title-tattle in an hour than he would in a whole session of quilting parties—young girls' reputations smirched, attractive matrons doubted; he lives in an atmosphere of the blight of his wife's love suggestiveness as with tobacco smoke.

All the nasty stories are cooked over on a club fire, and many a sad and broken heart can trace the little circle that Bacchus lights at a tempest to the airy cigar that floated in perfumed fringe about the club-room.

Remember all the rotten o'd quarrels bred in the precincts of the clubs. After all is said and done, when the curtain falls on the last act of life's drama, not an actor, if he or she tells the truth, but if called to speak a tag would say the sum of earthly happiness lies in just two words—Home and Family, and to both of these the club is deadliest enemy.—*The Gliddy Gusher in New York Mirror.*

Missed The Theology

Mabelle—have you read "Robert Elsmere," Nan?

Nan. Oh, yes, indeed.

"And how did you like it?"

"Oh it's just splendid."

"Isn't it, though?"

"Wasn't Elsmere lovely?"

"Wasn't he though?"

"What an awful flirt Rose was?"

"Dreadful!"

"What did you think of Robert's wife?"

"Oh, she was a regular prude, wasn't she?"

"Of course. But what did you think of the theology of the book?"

"The theology? Good heavens, I didn't know there was any in it! I never skipped that."

"Did you? Why, so did I. Anyhow I can say I've read the book."

"So can I."

The Latest Authority.

Husband—My dear, Mrs. Cleveland has stopped wearing bustles.

Wife (poking a small feather bed up under her dress)—Mrs. Harrison hasn't.

A BAD MAN'S SWEETHEART.

BY EDMUND B. SHEPPARD,

Author of "The Farmin' Editor's Sketches," "Dolly," "Widower Jones," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ALMOST PERSUADED.

In the few days that followed Tully was almost heart-broken. The impossibility of finding out the train of what Kilick had said left him wandering in the dark and magnified his fears. Kilick, too, was continually in a vicious temper, and never seemed as thoroughly villainous before. He was buried in his office all day, accessible to no one, and when he came out would invariably walk out of it thoroughly exhausted. These signs rather encouraged Tully to believe that his partner was treading on dangerous ground and felt that a volcano was likely to burst forth beneath his feet; but he thought in vain for the immediate reason of his partner's agitated uneasiness.

After making many ineffectual efforts to become possessed of the facts, and fearful lest the delay might bring the denouement before he had made his confession to Bill Browning, he resolved to state the case to her as far as he knew it and thus protect himself from later development, but with this determination to tell her all, again came the sickening fear that she would despise him for his weakness and neglect, but Stephen Tully had at last achieved a victory over himself and his fondness for delay; he was in fighting trim, and determined to face his mistakes and consequences, whatever they might be, resolving in itself with the thought of Dell's love and his faith that it would not falter. He had written her a note partially explaining his difficult position and confessing much of his personal guilt in the matter, but he could not send it; he must appeal to her personally; he could not trust his case to a few cold lines which might be fatal to his future.

When he called in the evening the maid ushered him into the reception room, and convinced of the silver dollar he left in her hand that his mission was important, hurried upstairs and told Miss Browning that Mr. Tully wished to see her, "particular and alone."

Dell was in lacking in courage and the spirit of a lion-hare, but the prospect of this interview frightened her.

"Wait a moment, Sarah," said she nervously. "I want this note sent over to Miss Bee McKinlay's at once. Send Jam over with it."

"James is hout, ma'am!" answered Sarah.

"Drat the missus, ma'm!"

"Then take it yourself, and tell cook to answer the door if anyone comes. Hurry!"

"Cook is hout too, ma'm!"

"Take the note anyway. I'll answer the bell myself if anyone comes. Hurry!"

"Yes, ma'm, I'll fly, I will indeed, ma'm!" cried Sarah, assuringly, but the memory of Tully's dollar and a chat with a friend on the street made her absence much longer than Dell expected.

She lingered in her room as long as she dared, putting a few finishing touches to her toilet, and never did mirror reflect a fairer face or prettier dress than did hers. She wore a soft clinging silk, dark in color, and semi-transparent in texture, which revealed her waist throat and shapely arms and graceful figure, while retaining to her the half nun-like look which made her seem so innocent to Stephen Tully, when at last she stood before him as I expected a white, slender hand which gave a response to his eager pressure.

"I have one preliminary request to make tonight, Miss Browning," said Tully gravely, as he stood beside her chair in the bright drawing room. "That you will listen to something about myself without thinking me either a fool or an egotist for insisting on telling it. What I came to say concerns you so vitally that I dare not tell you at once. Will you be patient while I make some excuse."

"Certainly," laughed Dell, anxious to make the explanatory portion of the interview last until she arrived. "Go into them as fully as you like; I know they will be lengthy if you intend to cover all your misdemeanors, but I hope you won't treat me as a father confessor, and tell me what I shouldn't hear."

"You needn't fear, Miss Browning," answered Tully, drawing a chair near her, "I shall take no advantage of your indulgence. You and I have been separated by my indiscretion, that is not the word—my folly, my wrong-doing, my vain and stupid endeavor to conceal my real self from you. I—I don't know how to phrase it, and hardly dare speak of it as a separation lest you may rebel and say we were never in such a relation that "separation" becomes a justifiable term or one at all applicable to the case in point, but I must trust to your promise to hear me until you understand. I believe, Miss Browning, you would have been kinder to me if you had known the troubles and temptations through which I was passing, but—I cannot complain for I didn't understand myself. Now, when I am face to face with ruin, I begin to comprehend the amazing folly of my life and wonder that I have a friend or dare hope for forgiveness. At any rate the end has come, and what I am forced to tell you tonight, if you are good enough to listen, while it may drive me from you forever, will be at least some defence against the evil you will think and have thought of me, and I will feel happier that I have been able to show you how much more of a fool than a villain I am."

"Really, Mr. Tully, do you think this necessary or advantageous? Let me play an accompaniment while you sing some of your penitential hymns. I think it would answer the purpose equally well and save time and—and unpleasant reminiscences." Dell was thoroughly frightened by Tully's despondent serious-ness and determined to escape the ordeal if possible, but when she left her chair to go to the piano Tully stopped her.

"Miss Browning, for Heaven's sake do not sneer. I was never more serious—desperately serious—in my life, and I implore you to be seated and listen."

"If you insist, Mr. Tully, I must yield, but I really can't see why I should be chosen to hear your confession. It seems painful for you to speak, and I would much prefer not to listen. Why not let everything alone and bury your past if you are not proud of it?"

"My past—at least that portion of it which concerns you—is like Banquo's ghost, it will not down. I would to God, Miss Browning, I could bury my past and begin anew. Please sit down and hear me, and then you will understand."

Dell sank wearily into a deep, easy chair and bade him begin.

As he again drew his chair nearer to her, she could see a burning flush on his cheeks, but his lips were tightly closed, and in his eyes there gleamed the light of a resolve she had never seen there before. His refusal to be restrained, and the spirit of the man, as it flashed down on her, brought back the old feeling of liking, and she recalled with a little inaudible sob the days when, in spite of many rebuffs, he had persisted in being so kind and attentive to her.

"You expect to be bored. You won't be; much if what I have to tell interests you, and if I leave it until the last, it will be to retain you as an unprejudiced judge and—" after a painful pause he continued, "because I am ashamed—frightened to begin where I should. Oh, Miss Browning, believe me, I am miserable—utterly wretched and humiliated; and at this moment, if I were not last sustained by an unalterable determination to do what is right, no matter what happens, I would burst into tears while I sit here and watch the sweet good face which, had I not behaved like a fool and a villain, might not now look so coldly on my misery! Try just a little bit to help me through the confusion and bitterness of what I must say! Give me a look, now and then, of encouragement—pity, even, that I may finish without breaking down!"

Tully leaned over the broad, pillowed arm of Dell's chair as he spoke, his voice trembling, and all the force of his stalwart manhood engaged in the supreme effort of enlisting her sympathy.

"Go on," she said, with a gentle uplifting of her glorious eyes, "and may you never have a harsher judge than I."

"Thank you, thank you, a thousand times thank you for that one ray of your old self which shone from your eyes just now. I can begin and see in my path through by the light of that one kindly glance. My first trouble as you so often told me in the old days, was the absence of some fixed principle of right and wrong."

"I used to tell you that, but yet I hoped that after all you had some standard, undefined perhaps, but something by which you measured your life and tried to keep yourself right. Had you really nothing?" enquired Dell with awakening interest.

"Yes and no," answered Tully slowly, "I had a general impulse to give as much pleasure and as little pain as possible, and many, many times I have congratulated myself, and criticised others who had a more arbitrary rule, that I was doing more to make the world happy than they were. I don't believe I was ever intentionally cruel or malicious, even my follies and vices were tempered by a sort of determination to leave no one less happy than I found them. Right now when I feel my life to be a miserable and worthless thing, I can look back without finding either man or woman who has been wrecked by me, or even started on the road to ruin—as far as I know or can judge—by any word or act of mine. But as to adhering to any absolute rule of right and wrong, I never did; I thought such rules made for weaklings, incapable of judging for themselves. As for me I imagined anything and everything proper which could be carried through without detection as to myself or evident injury to others. I never thought of consequences or how results must accumulate until I would be inextricably involved in intrigues and devious paths, from which I would be unable to find a road that I could travel with safety. Such a time has come to me at last. I can still argue that had everybody acted as I did, I would, perhaps, be free from entanglements. But others who may plead as I do that no harm was in ended beast and threatened me, and now I am forced to flight or a choice of the strait path, though it leads over mountains of trouble for myself and those who have been foolish enough to trust so me for guidance. I still contend that had everyone done to me as I did to them I would not be where I am—stay," cried Tully, his face flushing painfully, "I am wrong. There flashes on my mind the first cause of my worst trouble and it was a violation of my own rule, a recklessness disregard of where the course I chose might lead me. I can find little comfort in blaming others and as I try to excuse myself I can see that my one hope of escape was that others would do right though I did wrong. This hope was groundless, and bad as I am I fell into the hands of two ruthless scoundrels, Herod-the broker and J. J. Kilick, now my partner, then the broker's solicitor. This was while King was alive, and if ever a man went through purgatory I did. My first venture in speculation was in the mad hope that I might suddenly make some money to pay up interest due on real estate, in which I was concerned. I never was a hard drinker, that is to say a drunkard, though in the whirl of making money in land, I began to drink far too moderately to wean too exhilarated to have good judgment, I went beyond my depth and got swamped. It was while trying to save myself that I borrowed a cheque money to keep up my mortgages, I went to Henn and tried wheat, using without permission King & Tully's check. Do not turn away from me, Miss Browning, believe, oh! for God's sake believe that I dare tell you all this, because I have repented and am determined to make everything right and henceforward prove myself a man! Speak to me as I prostrate myself before you in my shame! Do not cast me out unforgiven and heart-broken!"

Tully had never realized the shame, the crime of that hour until looking in the sweet face before him, he saw mirrored there the horror his narrative excited. Down on his knees beside the chair his face buried in his arms he implored her not to turn away from him and when at last her hand gently touched his head he raised his face, deeply seamed by the torture of humiliation and penitence, poor Dell could hardly restrain her tears.

"Please, Mr. Tully, don't—don't so badly. I shall not chide you when your own conscience is so bitter an accuser."

"Dell," cried Tully staggering to his feet, his hands upon his throbbing forehead, "your kindness unmans me more than your censure could. I could endure in the dark at your feet and still fear that you had not understood what it costs me to tell you this!"

"Compose yourself, Mr. Tully," said Dell soothingly, as she rose from her chair. "Some other night you may tell me the rest; your agitation affects me very much, I can scarcely listen now!"

"Yes, you must, you must hear the rest; I can never nerve myself to begin again! Please do. Please, please, for my sake, if you cannot hear me out, it will be calmer, and when I have done I will go—go forever, unless you send for me!"

Dell dropped back into her chair, and Tully, after a few hurried turns up and down the room, recovered enough self-possession to begin again:

"By sacrificing every dollar I had in the world I was able to return our clients money without my folly, my sin, my crime being discovered by anyone except our bookkeeper, of whom you may have heard. Miss Cora Burnham suspected what I was doing, and in a pinch I had to take her into my confidence. But the firm's check had not been redeemed, my credit was gone, and I was about to ask John King for a loan with which to cover it, when Cora Burnham came unexpectedly to my rescue.

The sound of a woman's name mixed up with his confession turned Dell's sympathy into something akin to anger, and the eyes which had been soft with pitiful tears grew cold and distrustful.

"Spare me, Mr. Tully, any description of your love affairs," said she with sudden hauteur. "It would be an unwarrantable confidence and one exceedingly unpleasant for me to share."

"It was no love affair, Miss Browning, I assure you. Miss Burnham had received favors from me, and she and her mother advanced me money enough to free me from my shameful predicament, in the first burst of gratitude, I offered her my hand and she accepted it. This new folly upset me worse than the one from which I had just escaped. Cora Burnham and her mother had long been trying to marry me—not for love, but for ambition. They were anxious to get into an assured social position, and simply chose me as the means of achieving it. I could endure the daughter, for she is an honest woman and above reproach, but the mother's fawning old mother was unutterably repugnant to me. I delayed the marriage, repaid the money, sought by every means in my power to escape the hateful alliance into which I had rushed, but without avail. Cora was determined I should fulfil my contract, and every time I went near the mother I had to endure her reproaches and upbraidings. I did not dare to abruptly break off the engagement for fear of exposure, and my life was made miserable by the nagging of those two women. Then Kilick, immediately after King's death, forced me into a partnership with him, under threats of having my gown taken from me for using a client's money in speculation. He had surrounded me with every conceivable danger, and to gain time I plunged deeper into the toils. Cora Burnham, the day I sang at the Gospel rally in the Pavilion, taunted me with my past, and told me if I did not fulfil my promise she would publish me as an immoral character. I was wild with shame at past and fearful lest I might lose you, but still hopeful until I looked over the hundreds of faces and missed yours. Then I lost courage, and feeling that everything was gone plunged again into the dissipation I had intended to forsake. Can you understand my position or excuse my folly? I know you have deceit, but candor is but a small virtue compared with my vices. Yet I have hoped that when you found yourself able to help a lost soul like mine you would be merciful. Have I hoped in vain? Can you offer me a spark of hope, give me a word to show that all is not yet lost!"

"Poor fellow," whispered Dell, sadly. "If you have sinned surely you have suffered. So far you have been weak, but no one has been wronged, if, as you say, your—your book keeper did not really love you! Your life is still ahead of you and can be made what you will!"

"God bless you for that, Go! bless you! Sinful as my life has been I have never yet told a woman I loved her. I have not desecrated the word or the sentiment, and if it would not seem like Satan protesting godliness I would tell you how much I adore you and adhor what I have done," cried Tully, stopping in his excited walk before Dell and holding out his hands in an outburst of gratitude. "When I have completed this task, if you do not trust me from now on I will go to one taught in my penitence and scorn my vows of a better life, I will try to prove that you, to-night, have saved a man's soul. Oh, Dell! Dell!" he sobbed, covering his face with his hands. "Never since my mother kissed me good night and touched my face with her soft hands as she tucked me in in my crib, have I felt the power of a good woman's love. Never until my love for you awoke in me the good which was so nearly dead. I tremble if there was a heaven or hell lest there might be a hell. But," stammered he, as he pressed his handkerchief to his eyes, "I must finish; forgive my weakness, and do not suspect me of trying to win your pardon by shedding unmanly tears."

Dell was greatly moved. His fierce denunciation of himself, and despairing tears were intensified by the graceful dignity with which he bore himself. Stephen Tully in his passion of grief and repentance was still every inch a man; in him tears did not denote weakness or fear they were but signs of desperation.

"Then when Kilick came into the business," he began, seating himself again, "he at once laid himself out to tie me hand and foot. His creature, Dooley, and Cora Burnham made it an easy task, and in a month he had his hands on every scrap of my business, and knew the details of it as well if not better than I did. You can see how, in my reckless mood, despairing of ever being able to assert my independent manhood again and convinced that you were lost to me forever, I did not watch myself nor him as I should—

The sound of footsteps in the porch and the faint ringing of the bell in the kitchen startled Dell. Relief had come at last! She sprang from the chair, exclaiming that the housemaid was out, and ran to open the door.

"Why were you so long, Bee?" whispered Dell.

"I just got your note and ran for my life," Bee replied, with a queer smile. "I guess I haven't been hard to entertain. I don't look half glad that I came so soon. Oh, you deluded girl! I believe you are sorry I came at all. I can see it in your eyes."

"Hus-s-sh, Bee! If you had been five minutes later, I should have sent for Jack to come down stairs."

Bee very laughed and gave Dell another quizzical smile.

Tully was standing with his hands in his pockets looking at a picture, when they entered the drawing-room; and when he saw who it was he took Bee's hand, and with a half frown told her she was a most unwelcome guest.

"Bee, I was trying to tell Miss Browning what I had suffered and what I will do if she says there is anything in me worth saving. You are her friend; persuade her that in the language of the old revival hymn:

"While the lamp holds out to burn
The vilest sinner may return."

Good-night, Miss Browning, good-night. I have trespassed so much on your time, I hardly dare ask it I may come back tomorrow evening and finish what I was telling you, but desperation makes one bold as well as miserable, and I beg of you to refrain from

"Not to-morrow night, Mr. Tully, I will be out, but on Saturday evening if you desire," answered Dell kindly.

"Then I really be an extra day of misery, but I can stand it. Perhaps afterwards I will be glad that sentence was deferred. Good night, Bee; good night, Miss Browning,"—and after he was alone with Dell in the hall—"tell me you do not despise me, that you can understand my temptation and will be merciful!"

"I will try," she answered, but her eyes said more, and Tully's heart leaped within him. Surely the evil days were passing and he would yet be happy.

Up in her dressing room Dell sobbed in Bee's arms for half an hour.

"It is my first attempt at deceit, Bee; it shall be my last."

"Yes," answered Bee solemnly, "I think your next performance will be marrying him. I knew how it would end, and just as long as you live I'll be everlastingly telling you it turned out just as I expected."

(To be Continued.)

Cynicisms.

On his last legs—The kangaroo.

A nine days' wonder—Why the proverb fiend didn't make it ten.

A small boy rises to remark that most doughnuts come from Greece.

Niniche—What a bore it is to be a natural blonde.

Ninette—Why?

Niniche—Because we can't bleach, stupid!"

Why a ship's like a woman—so undressed are many; But this reason, perhaps, is far better than any; That one thing peculiar in each mother's daughter—She sticks of her stays when she goes in the water.

Miss Van Kritt (playing a duet with Lord Incog)—Your playing is divine, my lord. Such a lightness of touch. Lord Incog (who is a noted London crook)—Demuit, who's given me away!

The small boy was asked at dinner by his mother what he best liked to eat.

"Well, ma, I like those camel's hair ducks best, I think."

Mr. Bliffkins (time, midnight)—Horrors! Husband! I hear some one burrowing through the wall.

Mr. Bliffkins—Well, well! It must be that book agent. I knew we'd all be in bed by eleven o'clock, and I told him to call at half-past.

Shortly—Say, old man, will you loan me a fiver?

Quigley—You're always on the borrow.

Shortly—I'd have you understand I'm no dead beat.

Quigley—No, by Jove, you're a very lively one!

Giddings—"That young Smithy that got married the other day is a mighty nice fellow," Peyton—"Don't know. Saw him treating his wife the other day as I wouldn't treat my dog."

Giddings (excitedly)—"Is it possible! And she so lovely. What was he doing to her?" Peyton (calmly)—"Kissing her. I wouldn't kiss my dog."

In sunny Arizona.
Cowboy (visiting town)—Whisky straight!
Bartender (setting out the bottle)—There's the straight tip, sir.
Cowboy—Tip is it you want? By gosh! I'll tip you.
Shoots him dead and finishes the bottle before the coroner arrives.

Browbeating Lawyer (to opposing witness)—Were you ever arrested for felony?
The Witness (desperately)—Yes.
Lawyer—Aha! What was that felony?
Witness—Arson.
Lawyer—What building was it that you set fire to?
Witness—The ice palace at Montreal.

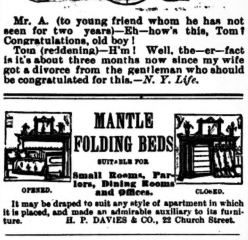
Scene—Kensington—The laird of the House of McKintosh has stepped from a cab, and given cabby a shilling for three miles.
Cabby—Blank, blank, blank!
McKintosh (who thinks he has but to mention his name to knock cabby into the middle of next week)—Mon, dinna ye ken that I'm a McKintosh!
Cabby—Are you? Well, you can be a blank, blank umbrella, if you like, but I want my eighteenpence!

"Look here, young feller," said Farmer Silkens to the hotel clerk, "you needn't be worryin' yerself about me, I ain's so green as I look."

"I merely wish to call your attention to the gas burner—it turns hard, and the temptation to blow it out is very strong."

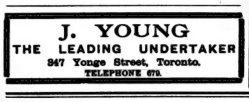
"Well you don't want to get too fresh—that's all. You don't want to make up your mind that nobody on earth is smart except you." And the old gentleman took his valise from the elevator boy, walked up six flights of stairs, tried to drink the fire extinguisher, and went to bed by the light of a match.

In Chicago.



Mr. A. (to young friend whom he has not seen for two years)—Eh—how's this, Tom? Congratulations, old boy!

Tom (reddening)—Eh? Well, the—er—fact is it's about three months now since my wife got a divorce from the gentleman who should be congratulated for this.—*N. Y. Life.*



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I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, for several years, in cases of severe Colds and Throat affections, and have always found it a speedy and effectual remedy for these ailments.—Samuel Bennett, Principal Bartlett School, Lowell, Mass.

I cannot say too much in praise of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have used it in my family many years, and always with perfect success. Wm. Lawver Gu.—Mrs. R. F. McKeen, New Gretna, N. J.

I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my practice since 1855, and have always found it reliable for the cure of Colds, Coughs, and all Throat and Lung diseases. —S. Haynes, M. D., Saranac, N. Y.

I am never without Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It cures severe cases of Colds and Coughs more speedily than any other remedy known.—E. Allen, Kingston, O.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best remedy I know of for diseases of the Throat and Lungs. It cured me of incipient Consumption, forty years ago.—S. R. Lawrence, Schuylerville, N. Y.

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I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and received great benefit from it. I consider it an excellent medicine for the diseases it is designed to cure.—Rufus A. Tremain, Guysborough, N. H.

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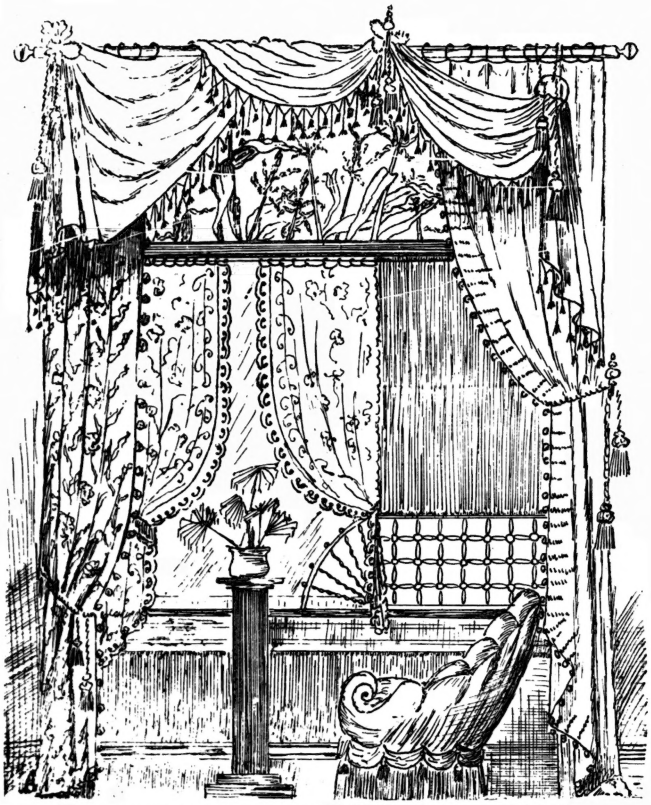

SUGGESTION FOR A WIDE WINDOW---BY W. A. MURRAY & CO.

In these days of very wide windows the housekeeper is at a loss as to the best manner of furnishing them. The accompanying sketch may be of use in this respect. It being understood that colors to suit certain rooms should be chosen, yet as these windows are nearly always the most prominent feature in the room from which to furnish, it may be in order to offer a scheme of color for the sketch.

The leaded glass to be of a cornstalk design, the soft feathery tops of light yellow and pale straw tints on a ground of the palest green tint, the scarf drapery of a tint best described by calling it antique ivory with a brownish tinge trimmed with a fringe of a darker tone.

The right-hand curtain of Almandine red trimmed with reseda, gold, straw and ecru cords and balls.

The left-hand curtain of a reseda damasel with deep purple, gold and straw designs.

To the right of the window a delicate wooden screen forms a base for a shirred blind of deep straw silk. Richly embroidered ecru short curtains completes the window.

A pedestal in rich plum color plush with an amber base, while a shell chair of shrimp and plum combined make a pretty finish to a rich decoration.

Those desiring to obtain further details can do so by inquiring for Mr. JAMES P. MURRAY, Curtain Department, W. A. MURRAY & CO.'S.

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Out of Town.

MEAFORD.

Mrs. Thomas Andrews of Thornbury gave an At Home on Thursday evening, January 31. Two loads drove over from here, and it is the opinion of those who attended that this party was the best one given this season. The large drawing-room looked really beautiful, while the floor was in excellent condition, linen being stretched over the carpets which was much easier to dance on than wax. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, Mrs. J. G. Sings, and Miss Sing, Miss Foster, Miss Plunkett, Miss Christie and Messrs. Chisholm, Cleland, Plunkett, Moore and Chambers from Meaford; while from Thornbury were Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Crossland, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. Cross, Miss Kent, Miss Young, Miss Moore, Misses Grierson, Miss Smith, Miss McClung, Miss Dyre, and Messrs. Home, Kent, Cross, Dyre, Hunt, Myers, Hurlbert, Fonger, Baker, Dickinson.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Pollard of Omaha, Neb., are on a visit home, attending the funeral of the late Col. W. D. Pollard.

Mr. J. B. Paul of St Catharines spent a few days home last week.

The ladies of Christ Church propose giving an entertainment in the roller rink on St. Valentine's day, February 14, at which will be presented and danced the Octagon for the first time in Meaford. The young people of the town are busily engaged rehearsing it, and when danced it will be really pretty.

BRANTFORD.

Mrs. Baldwin of Toronto is visiting her sister, Mrs. A. L. Hardy.

Mrs. Hardy's cards are out for an At Home at Hardynge Lodge, on Wednesday evening, February 20.

Mrs. A. B. Bennett gave an afternoon tea on Thursday, at which a number of ladies were present.

Miss Osborne of Hamilton was in town last week. On Thursday afternoon she gave a delightful five o'clock tea, and in the evening entertained a few young friends.

The Misses Goold gave a very pleasant afternoon tea last Wednesday.

A small party of ladies and gentlemen had a snowshoe tramp last Wednesday evening, tramping about two miles and then returning to Mrs. James Withers' for supper. On Thursday evening a numerous party of ladies and gentlemen took a tramp across country, over fence and (into) ditches, and altogether had a delightful time, after their exertions doing full justice to a hot supper at a city restaurant.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Wilkes gave a driving party on Tuesday evening, which was one of the most enjoyable affairs of the season. The night, though cold, was clear and pleasant. After driving for a couple of hours, the party returned to Mrs. Wilkes' and spent the rest of the evening dancing and singing.

The Bachelor's Ball, which is to come off on Friday, promises to be a great success, and the gentlemen are sparing no pains to make it one. I shall give a full account of it next week.

It Had Been The Rounds.

Miss Clara—Is that a new ring you have on, Ethel? It strikes me I have seen it before.

Miss Ethel (blushing)—Yes, Clara; young Mr. Paperwate presented it to me last night. I have accepted him.

Miss Clara—Oh, indeed! I'm so glad. Accept my best wishes. I thought that ring looked strangely familiar.

An Appropriate Costume.

Mr. S.—Shall we call on the Wetherbees tonight, my dear?

Mrs. S.—No, I have nothing to wear.

Mr. S.—Oh, then we'll go to the opera.

The study of languages has received a tremendous impetus by the establishment of a branch of the celebrated Berlitz schools at 81 King street east. The head professors, Dr. Coutellier and Lieutenant von Levetzow, are decided acquisitions to Toronto's teaching faculty.

Good manners include not merely pleasant things said and done, but unpleasant ones left undone.

Every day demonstrates the great popularity of Thomas' English Chop House and Ladies' Cafe. Under the management of Keachie & Co. it has become the high class supper room for theater parties, and by far the most popular dining-room for ladies. Indeed it is the only restaurant noticeably patronized by the fair sex.

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Vincent Wallace's } GRAND OPERA

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Under the distinguished patronage of the Hon. John Beverly Robinson and Mrs Robinson, at the

HORTICULTURAL PAVILION

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40--CHORUS--40

Assisted by Claxton's Orchestra.

Madame Stuttaford - - Directress

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Plan of seats at Nordheimer's on and after 8th inst.

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Grand Opera House

O. B. SHEPPARD, Lessee and Manager.

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COMMENCING

Monday, February 11

The Peerless Artist and Universal Favorite

RHEA

In three of her favorite characters, as follows:

Monday Evening, February 11, and Wednesday Matinee

Shakespeare's Comedy in Six Acts, of

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

Beatrice - - - M'lle Rhea

Tuesday Evening, February 12

Sardou's Comedy in Five Acts, entitled

A Dangerous Game

Helene - - - M'lle Rhea

Wednesday Evening, February 13

Last night of the engagement, and only production of

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Adrienne - - - M'lle Rhea

Supported by the popular American actor

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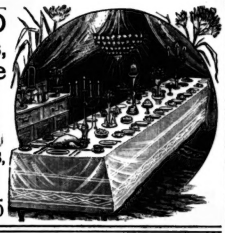

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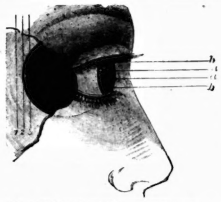

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